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[ONE PENNY.]

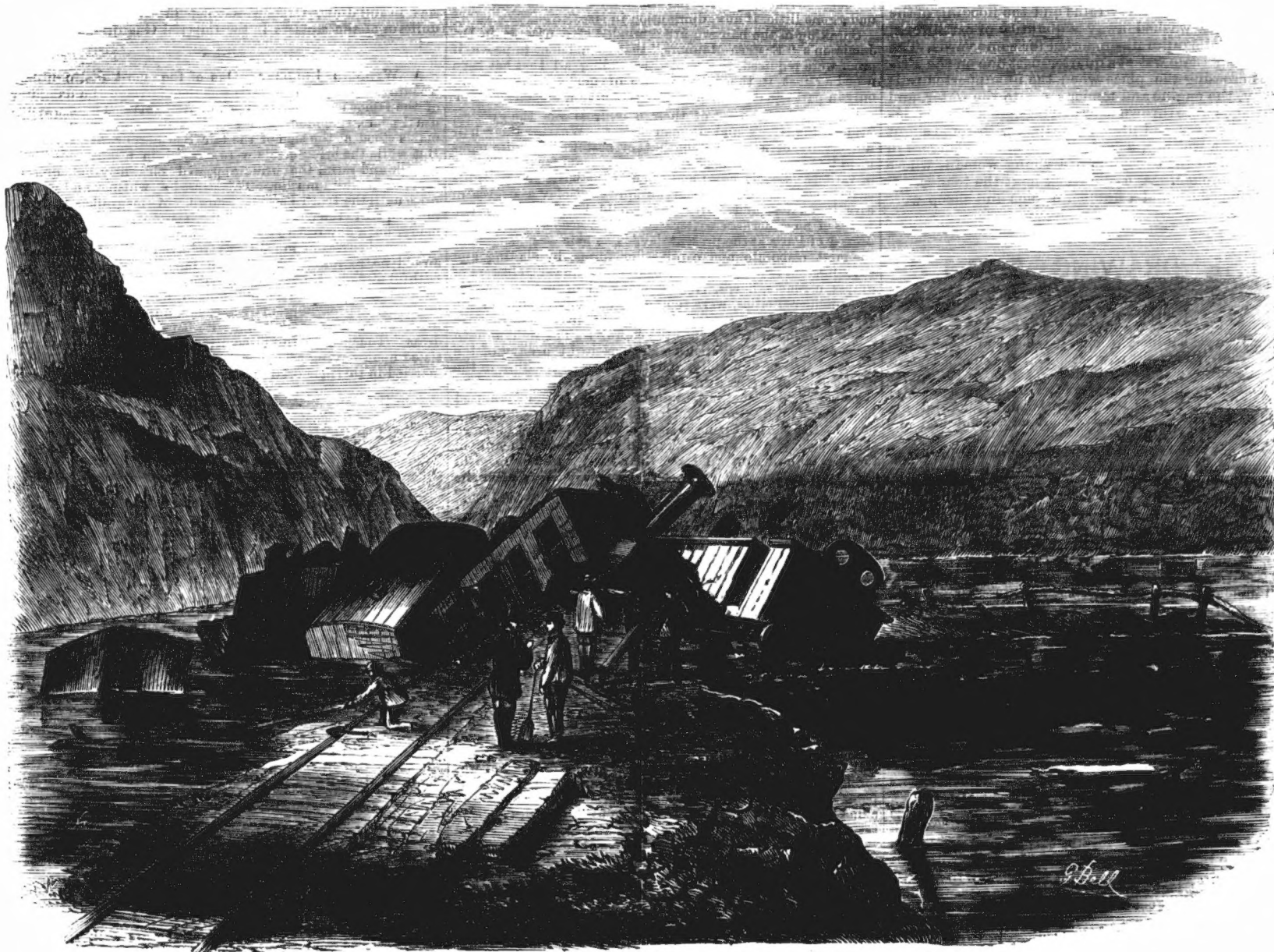
THE RECENT GALES AND FLOODS.

NATURE's great law of compensation seems to hold in respect of dear old England as well as in the matters with which we are inclined more intimately to associate it. If our sea-girt isle has, in consequence of its position, many privileges, it has also undoubtedly many drawbacks, and not the least of these is the havoc that the changeable ocean—at once its security and its peril—makes along its shores when lashed to fury by the wind. We have had a terrible example of this fact in the gales that have prevailed for the last few weeks, and seemed to culminate in their violence on the Sunday and Monday of last week, when a really fearful and most disastrous storm prevailed all over the kingdom, being in many places accompanied by heavy showers of rain, and by thunder and lightning. The storm extended to Ireland, and proved very destructive. The Scotch papers show that it also raged over the whole Scotch coast. In inland districts there were great floods. This was the case in the district washed by the Thames outside the metropolis.

The effects of the gale were most severely felt at Portland on the Sunday. Such a heavy sea as raged about nine o'clock both in the West-bay and in the roadstead had not been known for years. The sea percolated through the Chesil beach to an alarming extent, inundating those houses in the vicinity, in some instances the water being many feet high. The sea rushed under the foundations of some of the houses like large springs, and overflowed the road to such an extent that for hours it was rendered impassable. Near Chesil the two seas actually met, an event which has never been known before. For about two miles the turnpike road leading to Weymouth was almost impassable, owing to the quantity of water remaining on it. At eleven o'clock the Portland mail cart passed through this flood, and in many places the water was up to the horse's girths. The Weymouth and Portland Railway runs almost parallel with the beach for about two miles, and almost the whole of this was flooded, notwithstanding that every precaution is taken to carry off surplus water. The turnpike road and the railroad were so flooded that the place looked like a vast lake. When

the tide had receded it was found that about fifty yards of the railway were washed away. Bodies of workmen from various quarters were collected, and by three o'clock the line was so far repaired that traffic was enabled to be resumed. At Ryde, too, great damage was done, especially during the Sunday night. The sea wall at Sinert's Hotel was entirely destroyed. The waves broke the windows and carried large pieces of the wall through the house into Pier-street, on the other side, committing sad havoc among the furniture; the cellars had seven or eight feet of water in them.

In Cork it appears that the commercial room at the Imperial Hotel had on the Saturday 12 inches of water in it, and that one gentleman came to the door in a boat. The train which left Queenstown at six o'clock on Saturday evening ran through about a mile and a-half of tide and sea, varying from 1ft. to 1ft. 4in. in depth. Ultimately, about eight miles from Queenstown, the train came to a stand in 2ft. of water, the sea wall and platform at the Dunkettle station having been swept across the railway track. After waiting two hours in the carriages with the sea wash-



THE RECENT GALES.—TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE LLANRWST RAILWAY.



ing against the windows, the water subsided, and 50 of the passengers walked along the line to Cork (a distance of four miles), where they arrived at 10.30 at night. In a deep cutting, half a mile from Cork, a large piece of rock of some tons' weight was dislodged, and thrown across the down line. The railway station at Youghal was destroyed, and houses on the beach flooded.

On the Sunday morning, at Dawlish, in Devonshire, the sea rose to a great height. About a quarter after eight it completely covered the railway, and a few minutes afterwards 100 yards of the sea wall were washed away, carrying with it the metals, part of a new wall on the other side of the railway, and several hundred tons of the cliffs. No means could be taken to repair the line, as the weather was very rough, and it was expected that on the return of the tide further damage would be done: happily, however, the storm somewhat abated on the Tuesday, and men soon set to work with a will to repair the damage. A train had passed only about a quarter of an hour previous to the accident. The telegraph wires were washed away. Our illustration on page 948 gives a capital view of the scene of the disaster. Renewed efforts have since been made to erect the wall, and it is hoped that the labours will be successful, though the weather has been very rough during the past week.

A large number of people had a hairbreadth escape on the West Cornwall Railway on Sunday morning. The up-passenger train had moved slowly out of the Penzance station, and was about to enter on the long wooden viaduct at Ponsandane, which was at times buried in sea, when a loud crash caused the driver to promptly pull up. Two hundred yards of massive uprights, driven a great depth into the beach, and the whole system of wooden supports began to shake, and in a few minutes went down with a fearful noise. Immense iron bars were twisted, gigantic bolts of the same metal snapped, and in a very short time the wreck was twirled seaward. The telegraph wires were also carried away. Sand and shingle covered the railway from Penzance to Marazion, the depth in many parts being from 2ft. to 3ft. The Penzance promenades, quay, pier, and other places were under water for many hours, and scores of houses were flooded.

But it was perhaps on the west and north-west coast of Wales that the effects of the gales on the nights of Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, were the most serious. At Aberystwith, the Queen's Hotel was almost a total wreck. A great portion of the pier was washed away, and much injury was received by many of the houses on the Marine-terrace. It was on the Llanrwst Railway, however, that the accident assumed the most alarming form, as depicted by our artist on our front page. The line is that between Llanrwst and Llandudno junction, which runs along the side of the river Conway. At Talycafn, the recent heavy rains and the flooding of the river suddenly washed away a quantity of earthwork, leaving the rails quite unsupported for some yards. The train leaving Llanrwst at a quarter-past one on the Friday was crossing the place when the unsupported rails gave way, the engine and tender ran into the water, and the carriages were thrown over and became a mass of debris. The driver and fireman escaped with some slight bruises and a wetting, as did also the few passengers in the train, with the exception of a young woman, whose legs were broken. A cattle truck next the tender was however smashed, and a number of pigs and sheep were killed.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE FASHIONS.

There is as yet but little to notice in the way of novelty this month. Full-dress is just now occupying the chief attention of Paris modistes; and we still find, remarks *Le Follet*, that a few young and slim ladies adopt short dresses even at balls; but these alone can wear them with impunity, for upon a tall or stout lady the effect was most ungraceful and unbecoming.

Flowers are very much used as trimming for evening dress. Tulle dresses are sometimes almost covered with bouquets or wreaths, and even coloured taffetas is occasionally trimmed in a similar manner.

Velvet and satin dresses are both still in favour; the former are made with flounces as well as with plain skirts, narrow or broad flounces, with a bouillon of velvet as a heading. Tunics, plain in front and looped up in double or triple paniers, vestes with round basques, or bodies à la Polonoise, are all much worn. Some of these costumes are made entirely of velvet, or of velvet and satin mixed. A skirt of black velvet, with robe tunic of coloured satin, produces an elegant effect; but it is more usual to make the under-skirt of satin, the upper of velvet.

Faillie is very fashionable for long dress, and there are various novel ways of trimming it; for example, the lower skirt, forming a train, is edged round with a plisse of the material, along the centre of which is a narrow band of feathers matching the colour of the robe. A similar plisse is placed round the tunic, across the ends of the sash, and upon the round or square berthe on the body.

Very elegant toilettes are formed of satin with velvet stripes and of rich faillie, either black or the colour of the stripes. The striped satin forms the round skirt, whilst the faillie is draped en tunique, looped up in the centre of the back by a large bow or rosetta. With this the casaque for out of doors should match the tunic, and may be made either with coat or large open sleeves, according to choice. The striped skirt must be without trimming, but the tunic and casaque trimmed with chenille fringe or cut in fancy scalloped edges with a satin piping.

For dinner dress the preference is given in Paris to half-long dresses, and some charming toilettes of this description are made of taffetas trimmed with wide plisses of crêpe lisse round the bottom; the tunic of silk gauze also edged with a

plisse, and if this is looped up with bows of satin, the effect is very light and pretty.

Square low bodies are as fashionable as ever, with a fichu of white tulle plaited over.

The fanchon bonnet is disappearing gradually; the diadem gaining favour month by month. The mantille in rich black lace, with an aigrette or bright-coloured flower, is such an elegant and at the same time becoming coiffure to certain styles of beauty, that it is still in great favour. The materials used are the same as last month; black velvet, although much worn, is giving way to bright colours. The trimmings, too, are more elaborate; feathers and flowers are used in great profusion. Apropos of this, it is worth recording that when Mr. Reverdy Johnson, the new American Minister, was at Luton recently he paid some pretty compliments to the young women engaged in the straw plait manufacture of which industry Luton is the principal seat. The occasion was the opening of a new corn exchange and plait halls. Earl Cowper, as lord-lieutenant of the county, presided, and a good many of the nobility and gentry of the district were present. After dilating on the identity of English and American institutions, Mr. Johnson regretted, for the sake of the young women of Luton, that the old style of bonnets had not been revived. "Why," said the Minister, "what those French artists call bonnets are not bonnets at all; they are not even caps. I do not know that a nightcap would be more beautiful, but certainly it would be more useful. What can be more admirable, however, even in the case of those small bonnets, than the skill and taste with which these lady workmen of yours turn out their productions? Why, those articles are gems of beauty, and they make the female face more lovely, if that be possible, than it has been made by nature. You see that, though far advanced in life, I have not yet forgotten the tastes of my early days; and I only pray that when I do so in this particular, heaven may be pleased to take me to another world." It is pleasing to have to record such a remark as this, for if there has been one thing more than another that has had to bear the attacks of masculine critics, it has been the modern bonnet.

PARIS JEWELLERY, KNICK-KNACKS, &c.

In Paris a new—and we ought almost write poetic—flower trail has just been inaugurated by the *élegantes*. It is a tuft of crystal blossoms or other rich bouquet, which is placed in the hair, and from which falls a long branch down to the bottom of the wearer's train; sometimes it is caught at the waist by a bow, or it encircles the bosom and crosses in front to wave down again behind like the rich lianes which festoon forest trees. Convolvuli, hops, and twining tendrils with vine leaves are most appropriate.

THE HAIR.

The *Sport*, a Paris journal, announces that the great ladies of the French capital have determined to abolish chignons. In the daytime the hair is to be simply plaited, and confined in a net—in other words, instead of assuming a pyramidal form, it is to have a tendency to fall, like that of Niobe. In the evening it will only be necessary to put on the head a crown, or a wreath of roses, of ivy, or some creeping plant. At present, however, this is little more than a vague rumour, for chignons are still in the Bois de Boulogne that have undergone little, if any, diminution in size.

Speaking of the hair we are reminded of a passage in Dr. Jamieson's "Eastern Manners," that is sufficient to prove, if proof were required, that notwithstanding all that has been urged against it, the extravagance of modern hairdressing only in part equals, and partly falls short of, ancient custom.

"The embellishment of their hair-dress was the greatest pride of the Greek and Roman ladies. Wearing their hair universally of a great length, they bestowed infinite pains upon its arrangement. They had instruments for this purpose of various sizes and uses; and some of the busts and portraits that have come down from antiquity display a degree of care, ingenuity, and skill "that would baffle," to use the words of an American writer, "the most accomplished hair-dresser of Paris at the present day." The hair was disposed in the most elaborate and captivating forms, by plaiting and twisting. Wreaths, diadems, baskets of flowers, clusters of grapes, coronets, harps, violins, emblems of public temples and conquered cities, were represented in mimic form by the art of the hairdresser. The conquest of Britain introduced a new element of beauty into the coiffure. The light auburn locks of the ancient British maidens excited the envy of the ladies of Greece and Italy, and the defects of nature in the dark colour of their own hair were anxiously supplied by strewing their hair with gold dust. Silver filings were used in a later age by those who could not afford the costlier metal. But the ladies, in the days of Paul, preferred to adorn their broidered hair with gold; and the Jewish women used to wear a crown of gold on their heads, in the form of Jerusalem, called a golden city; this they wore after its destruction, and in memory of it."

FASHIONABLE LIFE IN PARIS.

Under this head we may refer this week to several interesting events that will afford us the opportunity of describing some novel and elegant toilettes, a few of which will, no doubt, in due time be imitated in London, though we are certainly many months behind the gay city in respect of novelties in dress.

We have already referred to the second ball at the Tuileries, when we described the elegant toilette of the Empress, but there were also several other costumes that demand a word of notice. Thus the Princess Mathilde, who usually wears her hair in too simple a style, looked particularly well on this occasion. Her head-dress consisted of a bow of leaves and tulips, lightly arranged at the side and fastened with a diamond agrafe. Her white dress was striped with gold and ornamented at the sides with bouquets of tulips of all shades. But the great success of the ball in the matter of toilettes was for the Marchioness de Caviary, the wife of one of the Emperor's household. Her dress was white tulle, with a white china crepe shawl arranged as a tunic upon it with exquisite taste; it was bordered with a long, rich, silky fringe, and fastened up at the sides with large Bengal roses without any leaves. The berthe, likewise of white China crepe, and edged with fringe, was fastened on each shoulder with small roses. The Countess's beautiful fair hair was combed back from her forehead, plaited in two thick tresses, and a wreath of roses encircled her brow, and fell lower than the back of the left ear. Mlle. Rouher, in high spirits, danced indefatigably. Over her white tulle dress she wore a cerise silk tunic, looped up with large black velvet rosettes; black velvet sash, with rather long ends; cerise bodice cut out in small squares at

the top, through which appeared white tulle puffings. The Princess Metternich's toilette consisted of willow-green tulle studded with gold stars: the skirt was bordered with a plaiting of pale green satin. Short satin tunic, looped up in the centre of the back and edged with network fringe. Satin bodice, trimmed with satin folds, and edged with fringe to match the tunic. For head-dress, a humming-bird and a diamond comb. Splendid Cleopatra necklet, consisting of alternate rows of diamonds and pearls. Mme. Rouher, the Minister of State's wife, wore a pearl-grey tulle dress, bouillonné to the waistband, and studded all over with bows of narrow pink satin ribbon. Three roses arranged as a coronet formed the head-dress. The Countess de Sauley, the Empress's Dame du Palais, wore a pearl grey satin dress, covered with gauze of the same shade. The skirt and the tunic were bordered with plaitings of white tarlatane. Pearl-grey sash. A round wreath of velvet chrysanthemums—dark purple with yellow hearts. The Duchess de Malakoff wore a sky-blue dress, with blue feathers for head-dress. Marshal Niel's wife was in white satin; the Countess de Seebach also in white satin, with a long tunic edged with point d'Angleterre, a pouf of scarlet velvet in the centre of the forehead. Countess Fernantina appeared in a very elegant toilette of poul de soie, covered with white tulle laminated with silver. The skirt was bordered with a deep bouillonné, fastened at regular intervals with bouquets of roses. A gross grain sash, very bouffant at the back. Spray of diamonds and bouquets of roses in the hair.

High life is cosmopolitan, and we cannot but refer therefore to the morning reception recently given in Florence, at the Villa de Quarto, at present inhabited by the Grande Duchesse Mary of Russia. Her guests were received in the salons on the ground-floor, which were hung with crimson silk damask, decorated with old paintings and antique furniture, flowers from the tropics and palm-trees. Luncheon was laid out in the grand saloon on the first floor. The fête was not only given on the occasion of the Russian New Year's day, but also in honour of the two affianced couples whose engagements we have already mentioned, that of Prince Eugène de Leuchtenberg with Mlle. Marie Apatchinine, and that of M. Touthkof and Mlle. Catherine Apatchinine. The luncheon table was covered with admirable plate and flowers, one bouquet of which had been sent from the King of Italy's garden at the Villa de San Donato, and in his name. The hall was hung with Gobelin and Beauvais tapestry, gifts from Victor Emmanuel to the Grande Duchesse. A toast was drunk to the health of the Emperor of Russia by Prince Eugène to which M. Kisselef responded, and drank to the betrothed. The Grande Duchesse was in a satin robe of the shade called dragon's blood, looped with amaranth bows, the two *fancés* were in blue, Mme. Kisselef in pearl grey, Mme. Osten-Sacken in buttercup yellow and white lace, Mme. d'Abasi in striped white and pink, with a perpendicular heron's feather in a black velvet toquet; the robes were all high, and bonnets were very small, nearly all white, with aigrettes to suit the colour of the robe. The Grande Duchesse's bonnet was ponceau, with a tuft of juniper berries and a sprig of heather for an aigrette. The gentlemen were in morning dress, with the exception of those in the militia, who wore their uniforms. General Richter was in full dress, Captain Astafief in the green and red uniform of the Russians in the Imperial Guard.

A WEDDING INCIDENT.—One of the most distinguished weddings this season in Paris was the marriage of a daughter of the famous Madame le Vert, of Alabama. There was unusual pomp, splendour, and social excitement. Ten bridesmaids stood at the side of the fair Southerner at the altar. But while the bride-maids were arrayed in utmost splendour of silk and satin, the bride appeared elegantly but quietly arrayed in white muslin. This caused a whisper and a surprise until the truth became known. A magnificent dress, fully equal to the occasion, had been prepared for the ceremony, but a day or two before the appointed time a charmingly-made dress of muslin was received by the bride from an old negro nurse, who through many years had been her faithful attendant, but whom the exigencies of war had separated from her. The old woman hearing of her young mistress's approaching marriage, had out of her own earnings bought the material, and with her own fingers made the dress. Touched by this circumstance, the young bride insisted upon laying aside her more costly silk, and in being married in this memorial of her old "mammy's" affection.

PEEPING THROUGH THE BLINDS.

In place of books, or work, or play,
Some ladies spend the livelong day
In scanning every passer-by,
And many a wonder they decry.
They find among the motley crowd
That some are gay and some are proud,
That some are short and some are tall;
They get their information all
By peeping through the blinds!

You walk the streets (at common pace),
You catch the outlines of a face;
The face seems strange; again you look;
Dear sir, she knows you like a book!
She knows the colour of your hair,
The very style of clothes you wear;
She knows your business I'll be bound,
And all your friends the country round,
By peeping through the blinds!

She knows the Smiths across the way,
And what they dine on every day;
And thinks that Miss Matilda Jane
Is growing very proud and vain.
She knows the Browns at Number Four,
Just opposite her very door;
Folks quite as poor as they can be,
For don't they sit and sew, while she
Is peeping through the blinds?

Dear ladies, if you don't succeed
In gaining knowledge that you need,
Then at your window take your seat,
And gaze into the busy street;
Full soon you'll read your neighbours well,
And can their tastes and habits tell,
And know their business to a T,
Much better than you own, you see,
By peeping through the blinds!

THE GARDEN.

FLOWER GARDEN.

THOUGH the wind has been dangerously high and rain a frequent visitor, we have had so large a share of sunshine during the past week that the temptation to be busy out-of-doors is great, even at this early time of year.

This is the month to look after the edgings in the garden. Box is doubtless the best, but thrift makes a pretty and complete edging if planted properly and well kept. Both may be planted this month.

Roses may be planted now to advantage, and plantations that need trenching and manuring may be lifted for the purpose. Put stakes to all newly-planted standards, as, if they rock about in the wind, they may suffer so much injury by straining of the roots as to die in the course of the spring.

Tulips are now generally making their appearance through the soil, and will require protection; if you have not the ordinary means of covering—viz., hoops and mats, put a little dry soil over the spear of those that are most valuable or tender; this will protect without injuring the foliage.

Now is a good time to prepare borders for flowering plants in the open ground. Let two or three pieces in different parts be dug up, and the mould thrown in ridges east and west, to receive the benefit of the air. Whilst this soil is mellowing, let another piece be dug up for the immediate reception of hardy shrubs. Such as were not rooted sufficiently in Autumn may be taken up now, and replanted in suitable positions.

Pinks and carnations propagated last year from layers may be transplanted on fine mild days into the beds of the Flower Garden, or into pots, to be afterwards shifted into larger ones as they advance; or they may be planted out singly or in small patches with pleasing effect promiscuously through the Flower Garden, or at edges of the shrubbery. If potted for flowering, choose for the purpose some light rich compost. Take them up with as much earth as will hang about their roots, and place one in the middle of each pot, spreading the roots without bending or confining them. Snip off the ends with a pair of sharp scissors, and immediately pour in the mould, a little at a time, taking particular care that it gets amongst the roots, and when they are covered up to about the base of their leaves give a little water. Set them in a sheltered spot, and water occasionally.

This is the time for growing tender annuals upon hotbeds; and we should advise our readers to try their hand at raising plants for themselves from seed. The hotbed is to be covered from four inches and a half with rich garden mould perfectly levelled, and is then in a condition to receive the seed. Scatter the seed carefully upon the surface, and sift over it a quarter of an inch of fine mould.

Hollyhocks are now held in pretty fair repute as garden flowers, and as this is the month for planting them as received from the nursery, it may be well to name a few of the newest varieties:—William Craven.—Light rosy crimson. Hugh Smith.—Dark rosy peach; fine spike. J. W. Martin.—Light primrose. James Taylor.—Deep rosy red; fine form. Lady Polworth.—Dark primrose; fine quality. Lilac Queen.—Shaded with rose and chocolate; fine spike. Mrs. P. Bruce.—Light rosy peach; beautiful form and outline extra. Mrs. George Inglis.—Bright cherry red; fine outline. Sir Robert Hay.—Bright rosy crimson; size large, distinct, and fine. R. G. Ross.—Deep rose, tinted with salmon; distinct and fine. Sir David Baxter.—Rosy scarlet, shaded with salmon. William Marshall.—Rosy salmon, of large size and fine form. William Thom.—Dark glowing crimson; beautiful spike.

For hollyhocks the soil should be rich and strong. If the soil is light and poor, it should be well manured.

CONSERVATORY.

Climbers require attention now to remove dead wood, rub away any pushing buds that are badly placed, and to train in young shoots where desirable. Most of our conservatory climbers require a liberal heat now to start them into growth, with a free use of the syringe to keep down red spider.

THE LAWN.

The lawn must be attended to all the winter. In the first place worm casts are abundant, and these must be spread about. Bush harrowing is the best remedy upon a large scale, but brushing them about with a common birch broom will do for small ones; rolling afterwards is essential, and then mowing is easy and clean work. Every month, in fact every thaw, brings this upon us: and between the frosts in winter time there are some of the grasses that would soon grow into thick lumpy turf if not regularly cut down. Continue therefore to attend to these particulars; for, if neglected, the lawn soon grows rough, and the coarse grasses will get ahead. The verges are apt to spread into the paths and to encroach upon the clumps if not checked; therefore with a proper edging-iron, cut them back to their proper dimensions, leaving a perfectly smooth edge, for nothing looks worse than coarse rough edges to a smooth lawn.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Cabbages for pickling, if sown at once in a little warmth and pricked out in a cold frame directly they are large enough for handling, and from thence transferred to their permanent quarters without being subjected to a starving process, will make good-sized hearts by autumn.

Cauliflowers sown early must not be allowed to remain too long in the seed-pans; make up a bed with a few leaves to warm the soil, cover with about three inches of light rich compost, and prick the plants out at distances of three or four inches from each other. Give plenty of air directly they are established, for it ruins plants of this class to be coddled up in a close atmosphere.

Lettuce.—Treat in much the same way as advised for cauliflowers. A few of the largest of the cabbage varieties may be taken up and planted in a cold house or frame for early use.

Celery.—The very earliest sowings will soon be ready for pricking out, and as hollowness and bolting is caused most frequently by the plant being starved at this stage of its growth, it is well to prevent any checks occurring to stop its growth just now. The best way to do this is to select a hard surface, and make thereon a bed about four inches deep with light rich soil, chiefly rotten dung, and cover with a frame, and prick the plants out. The plants will come out of a bed of this description at planting time without suffering scarcely any check, if carefully handled.

Turnips.—It is a capital plan to take these up now and pit

them in much the same manner as potatoes. Trim the foliage off, but without interfering with the roots. This enables the supply of this vegetable to be kept up much later in the season, as the roots are less exposed to atmospheric influences, and are therefore longer before they bolt or run to seed. It also admits of the ground being dug up and manured at a time when the demands on the gardener's time are not so pressing as they will be in six weeks or two months hence.

Radishes.—Select a warm dry sloping border, and make a sowing of the scarlet olive-shaped, Beck's superb scarlet short-top, and scarlet and white turnip-rooted. Protect with straw or litter after they come up if the weather happens to be frosty.

Rhubarb.—A plentiful supply of this may be had by turning an old tub over the roots, and covering it with warm leaves or other fermenting materials. This is a good time to make fresh plantations. Trench the ground three feet deep if practicable, and work in a good dressing of fat manure. Plant in rows four feet apart, and three feet in the rows. Linnaeus is a fine early variety. Salt's crimson perfection, Prince Albert, and Victoria are amongst the most prolific and best for general crops.

General Remarks.—The whole of the work at this season must be regulated by the weather. The first fine day must be taken advantage of for getting in the seeds required to be sown now; for it is just possible—so fickle is the weather—that it may be several weeks before the ground is again in a fit state for the reception of the feed or the cultivator's feet, which makes a great difference in the time of the crops being ready for gathering. Not a day must be lost in getting the ground ready; but it must not be trodden on when wet and sticky, for it makes it too compact and pasty for anything to root freely.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

THE Queen drove out on Friday afternoon last week, accompanied by the Duchess of Athole and Miss McGregor, and her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, went out in the ground on Saturday morning. Princess Louise and Prince Leopold also went out.

The Right Hon. Henry Bruce, Secretary of State for the Home Department, the Bishop of London, and the Dean of Westminster, Clerk of the Closet, arrived at Osborne. The Bishop of London was introduced to her Majesty's presence by the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and did homage on his appointment. The Clerk of the Closet was in attendance.

In the afternoon the Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise and Prince Leopold, and attended by the Hon. Horatio Stopford, drove out. Lieutenant-General F. H. Seymour was in attendance on horseback.

On Sunday morning her Majesty, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice attended divine service at Whippingham Church. The ladies and gentlemen in waiting were in attendance. The Rev. George Prothero officiated.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by the Dowager Duchess of Athole, drove out on Monday. Princess Louise and Prince Leopold also went out.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, walked and drove in the ground on Tuesday morning. Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice walked out.

Lieutenant-General Sir George Buller, K.C.B., arrived at Osborne on the Monday, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal Family.

RETURN OF HER MAJESTY TO WINDSOR CASTLE.—Her Majesty, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princesses Louise and Beatrice, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the suite, will, according to the most recent arrangements, leave Osborne on or about next Monday, the 15th inst., and return to Windsor Castle. It having been thought undesirable to expose the Queen to the fatigue and excitement of opening a new Parliament, Her Majesty, we hear, has abandoned the intention of being present at the ceremony of the 16th.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

Alexandria, Feb. 3.—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and suite arrived here at a quarter past seven this morning, disembarked at the Railway-wharf, and proceeded at mid-day for Cairo, accompanied by the Viceroy's son, Cheriff Pasha, and Colonel Stanton.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.—By the arrival of the steamer Roman we learn that the Galatea arrived in Simon's Bay on the afternoon of Christmas-day. It was understood to be the request of the Duke of Edinburgh that on this occasion his visit should be considered as quite private and unofficial, and that request was acted up to with good taste. He was received everywhere with the heartiest cordiality; he moved about as he pleased, almost quite incognito, and it is believed that he enjoyed his stay very thoroughly. On the day after his arrival he drove up to Capetown to visit the Governor, returned to Simon's Bay the same afternoon, calling upon several old friends along the route. On Sunday he was on board his ship. Monday and Tuesday he was up in town and at Government House. On Wednesday night he was entertained there at a ball given by his Excellency the Governor. On Thursday evening he was entertained at a *soiree musicale*, given by Mr. P. G. Van der Byl, at Rondebosch. On Friday (New Year's) night a brilliant ball was given in his honour by the 99th Regiment. On Saturday he inspected the progress of the Breakwater works in Table Bay, and afterwards visited a cricket match at Wynberg, between the military and the civilians. On the morning of January 3 he returned to his ship in Simon's Bay. On the evening of the next day a farewell ball was given to his royal highness by Commodore Randolph at Simon's Town. The Galatea was to have proceeded on the morning of the 5th on her cruise eastward, calling first Western Australia. She was, however, detained throughout the day by a heavy S.E. gale having set in, but was expected to leave that night.

THE MANUFACTURE OF WATCHES AND CLOCKS.—A most interesting and instructive little work, describing briefly, but with great clearness, the rise and progress of watch and clock making, has just been published by Mr. J. W. Benson, of 25, Old Bond-street, 99, Westbourne-grove, and the City Steam Factory, 58, and 60, Ludgate-hill. The book, which is profusely illustrated, gives a full description of the various kinds of watches and clocks, with their prices, and no one should make a purchase without visiting the above establishments or consulting this truly valuable work. By its aid persons residing in any part of the United Kingdom, India or the Colonies, are enabled to select for themselves the watch best adapted for their use, and have it sent to them with perfect safety. Mr. Benson, who holds the appointment to the Prince of Wales, sends this pamphlet to any address on receipt of two postage stamps, and we cannot too strongly recommend it to the notice of the intending purchaser.

NOTES INTERESTING AND ODD.

HERE is important news from Paris! It is solemnly announced that ladies will wear in their hair this year silver dust; this fashion has been started by the Duchess of Madrid. We have had gold dust, and a straw-coloured dust, and powder of white and grey tint before, but the *poudre d'argent* is now, it appears, to be thrown into the eyes of gentlemen.

A PARIS paper states that every seventh day Queen Isabella receives a small packet containing the chemise which Sister Patrocinio has worn during the preceding week; her Majesty, in her turn, wears this garment for a similar period.

SIR JOHN BURGOYNE, though now eighty-six, wields a vigorous and graceful pen, and throws off copies of playful effusions both in prose and verse. The following tells its own tale:—

You wish me a happy New Year as a toast,
And a kindly good act it appears;
But when you perceive I'm deaf as a post,
You should wish me two happy new ears.

It is said that wonders will never cease, and among the newest is that which anticipates the process of producing silk, heretofore left to the silkworm. A man in California proposes to manufacture the article from the original vegetable fibre of the mulberry tree, without waiting for its slow transmission through foliage into vermicular intestines and cocooned rollings and infinite spinnings. The bark of the young sapling is taken off, dissolved, and all but the fibre disintegrated. This is then refined, washed, dried, and combed for mechanical spinnings. The fibrous silk thus made is said to be fine, soft, about five inches in length, of regular thickness, good colour, and considerable lustre. The process has been patented, and wide-awake Californians are to go into it on a large scale.

"A BLACK JACKET."—This is a "slang phrase" in merchandise, and its origin is rather curiously accounted for. Some worthies who were manufacturing accommodation bills found that it was useful for their forging purposes to have a variety of blank cheques on well-known banks. Being out of a cheque on the Royal Bank, a domestic servant was sent to a neighbouring merchant with a penny to ask the favour of "a blank cheque" from his bank-book. The girl, not understanding anything at all of banking, conjectured it to be an article of dress with which she was quite familiar, and the sound, when not quite articulately spoken, became to her innocent ears "a black jacket," which now amongst that fraternity means a cheque for fraudulent use.

Most of the foreign visitors to Paris have no doubt seen the celebrated "bird charmer," who has been so long the delight of the children and promenaders in the gardens of the Tuilleries and the Luxembourg. He has only to stop near the flower-beds or grass-plots, when immediately the little sparrows, the most intractable, perch on his finger. The wood-pigeons leave the trees to flutter around him; and the whistling blackbirds do not disdain to take crumbs of bread from his lips and hands. He is followed by crowds to witness his performance, and not a few envy the mysterious power of the charmer. But, though he long "stood alone in his glory," he has now many imitators. Indeed, not a few women and children now have the same power of charming that he has hitherto enjoyed exclusively. Almost any day, more than ten of these "charmers" may be counted at the Tuilleries playing with the pigeons and sparrows, calling and sending them away, taking pleasure in being pecked by them. The same is the case in the gardens of the Luxembourg; and one young dame, who bears an illustrious name, cannot take her habitual walk in the garden of the Palais Royal without being surrounded by a train of birds. Has bird charming commenced in England? If not, why not? It would add greatly to the pleasures of country life, and still more to those of life in town.

THE LABOURER'S CHILD.—The following touching little scrap was written by an English labourer, whose child was killed by the falling of a beam:—

Sweet laughing child! the cottage door
Stands free and open now;
But oh! its sunshine glids no more
The gladness of thy brow!
Thy merry step has passed away
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.
Thy mother by the fireside sits,
And listens for thy call;
And slowly, slowly as she knits,
Her quiet tears down fall;
Her little hundering thing is gone,
And undisturbed she may work on.

TROUBLE-SOME CHILDREN.—When you get tired of their noise, just think what a change would be, should it come to a total silence. Nature makes a provision for strengthening the children's lungs by exercise. Babies cannot laugh so as to get much exercise in this way, but we never heard of one that could not cry. Crying, shouting, screaming, are Nature's lung exercises, and if you do not wish for it in the parlour, pray have a place devoted to it, and do not debar the girls from it, with the notion that it is improper for them to laugh, jump, cry, scream, and run races in the open air. After awhile one gets used to this juvenile music, and can even write and think more consecutively with it than without it, providing it does not run into objurgatory forms. We remember a boy that used to go to school past our study window, and he generally made a continuous scream or roar off to the school-house and back again. We supposed at first he had been nearly murdered by someone, but, on inquiring into the case, found him in perfectly good condition. The truth was that the poor little fellow had no mirthfulness in his composition, therefore he couldn't laugh and shout, and so Nature, in her wise compensations, had given more largely the faculty of roaring. He seemed to thrive upon it, and we believe is still doing well. Laughing and hallowing, however, are to be preferred, unless a child shows a decided incapacity for those exercises.

LOAN SOCIETIES.—At the Westminster police-court, on Tuesday, the presiding magistrate read a letter which he had received from Mr. Tidd Pratt, strongly condemning the practices of loan societies, and expressing the writer's opinion that it would be very desirable if the Act authorising their establishment were repealed. Mr. Tidd Pratt added, that he intended to appeal to the Government to bring in a measure which would effectually prevent a continuance of the evils wrought by the present system.

SHOCKING TRAGEDY.—A correspondent, writing from Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the 19th ult., gives the particulars of a frightful outrage committed in the house of a Mr. Holway. A dance was being held at his residence, and two rowdies, Jackson and Norton by name, went to the house and requested the girls to dance with them. On being refused, Jackson drew a revolver and fired a shot into the room, and then swung his pistol about him, striking Mr. Holloway on the head and crushing his skull. Holloway's brother came to his rescue with a gun, and struck the murderer over the head. The other ruffian drew a knife and stabbed the dying man seven times in the neck. Jackson then endeavoured to make his escape on a horse that was hitched at the door. He succeeded in getting out into Nebraska, where he was arrested at the Weeping Waters. Norton was secured at once. Both men were locked up in the Fremont county jail to await trial. On Saturday night, about eleven o'clock, the inhabitants of the town were alarmed by the appearance of about 100 men, many of them mounted, the rest in sleighs, and supposed to be from the vicinity of Plum Hollow, as the place is called where Mr. Holway lived. They broke into the prison, and taking out the two men hung them on a tree.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS.

The name of the talented and rising artist whose portrait we give this week will be familiar to our readers, through her successful Shakespearian readings and her appearance at the Haymarket Theatre as Rosalind in "As You Like It," as well as by her talented acting in the Scottish and Irish capitals, and also in several of our large provincial towns.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons gave her first public reading in London on Monday, April 1st, 1867; and great interest was manifested, when it was announced that she would appear, as to how she would acquit herself, not so much at the time, perhaps, on her own account, as because of the circumstance of her being a descendant of the great Mrs. Siddons, her relation to the tragic muse of England being officially stated in the published programme. After the first night, however, she would have attracted without the assistance derived from the accident of birth or position.

Her history may be briefly given. Mrs. Siddons had three sons, one of whom (George) held a high civil appointment in India. Captain William Young Siddons, of the 65th Bengal Light Infantry, the youngest son of George, married the daughter of Colonel Earl, and the issue of this marriage was Mary Frances, the lady with whom we are now specially concerned, who, as the wife of a naval officer named Scott, in accordance with a common professional usage, blended her husband's name with her own. Mrs. Scott-Siddons was married some four years ago. Her father, it is said, early noticed her talent for acting; and after his death, his widow returned to England with her six children, and educated the two daughters in Germany. At eleven years of age, Mary Frances Siddons attracted great attention by her striking performance in a small part of the French play, "Esther;" after that she was continually acting in French and German, in the most difficult plays of Schiller, Racine, Moliere, Corneille, &c.,



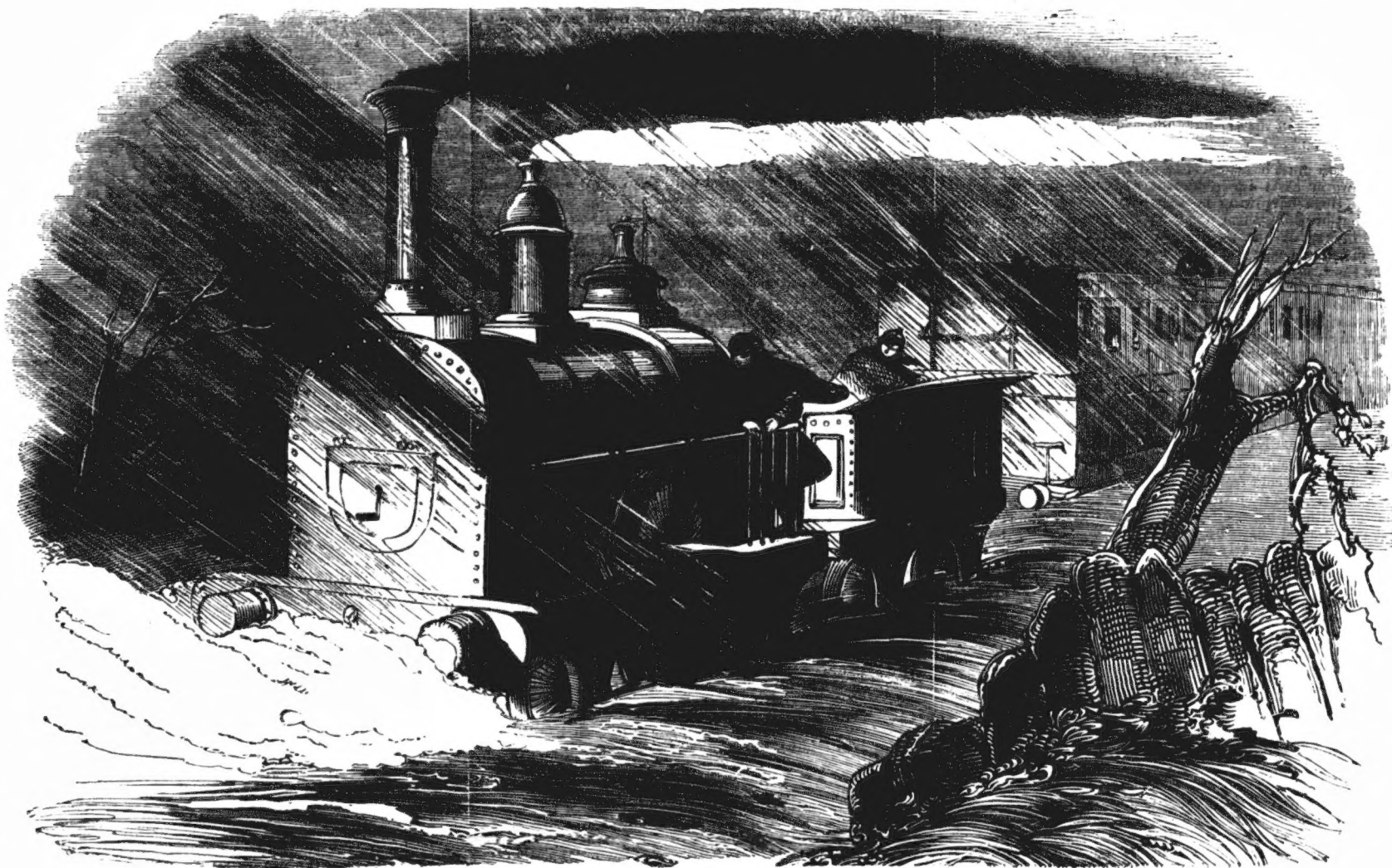
MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS.

her impersonation of the youth Mortimer, in Schiller's "Marie Stuart," being such as to induce one of the principals of the school to make inquiries of Mr. Charles Kean as to the desirability of her being educated for the stage. Her extreme youth he thought made it necessary to defer studying for a few years. Before her *début* at the Hanover-square Rooms, in April 1867, she had prepared herself by careful practice, and had given readings to influential private parties at the West End.

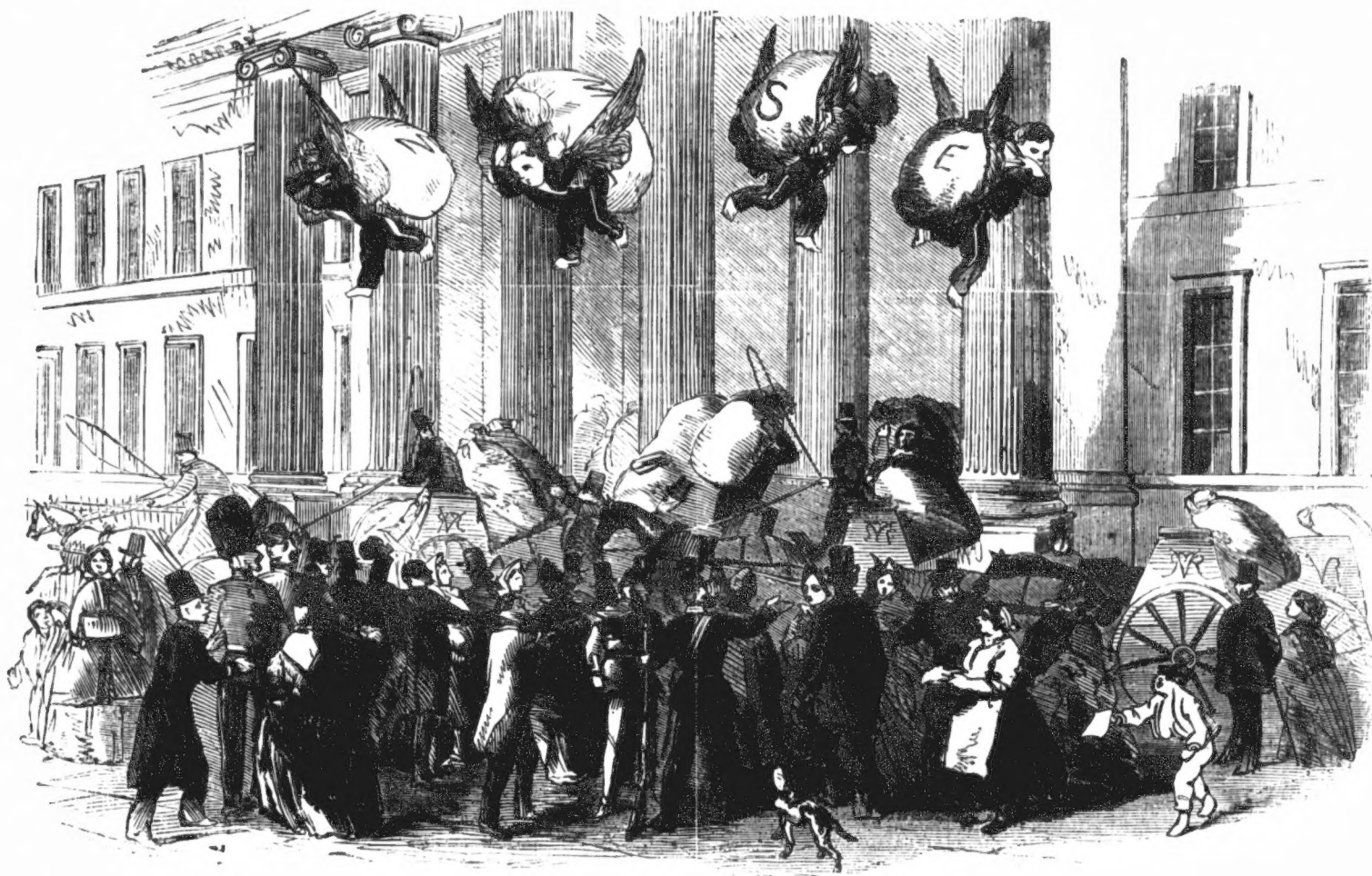
Mrs. Scott-Siddons' personal appearance is greatly in her favour. She is decidedly handsome, lady-like in her deportment, and exhibits considerable natural vivacity that gives good effect to her elocution, particularly when the subject is high comedy. "So youthful does she look," was the comment of the leading journal on her first appearance, "that the statement that she has been married four years would scarcely be believed were it less responsibly made; and not only is her countenance distinguished by singular brightness and intelligence, but her features and general expression remind the spectator of one or two of the more familiar portraits of Mrs. Siddons; the adjustment of the hair, which flows freely, being evidently intended to further the resemblance. Her attitudes, though not without the trace of study, are pleasing and graceful throughout; and as the eloquence of gesticulation is employed by her to a greater extent than is common with 'readers,' the platform affords a fair indication of the qualities which have enabled her, as an actress, to acquire fame in various parts of the United Kingdom."

Mrs. Scott-Siddons has since appeared before public audiences under many and various conditions, and always with increasing honour.

Mr. Robert Keeley, the comedian, died on Wednesday evening last week, at his residence in Palham-crescent, Brompton, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.



THE LATE FLOODS ON THE DAWLISH RAILWAY.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.—(SEE PAGE 957.)

LAKE COMO.

VOLUMES have been written upon the beauties of the Lake of Como, and poets—among them Wordsworth—have poured forth thousands of rhapsodical lines in its praise. Painters have found, on different parts of the lake, subjects inexhaustible for the limner's art; while theatrical act-drops have made us familiar with many a glowing scene on its waters and romantic surroundings. We this week give a view on this charming lake, the most famous of Northern Italy. Its greatest length, following its windings, is forty-five miles; but it is no more than four miles in width. Its depth varies from forty to six hundred feet. The mountains

surrounding it rise to a great height, some places overhanging the lake, and others with foliage dipping into its waters.

THE MILITARY STAFF OF THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

We recently gave an account of the reception of Lord Mayo in India. The new Governor-General was received by a brilliant staff, such as can only be met with in India, and whose attractions are enhanced by the brilliant dresses and trappings of native princes and chiefs of the country. Our large engraving will better illustrate such a warlike yet

peaceful gathering than any written account. In it are shown the full-dress regimentals of the principal officers of the English army, and also the dresses of native allies. Such an engraving cannot fail to be interesting to our readers.

"More than a year ago one of my children was attacked with Bronchitis, and after a long illness was given up by the physician as *past cure*. I was then induced to try your Pain Killer, and leave off all other medicines, which I did, and from the time I commenced the use of it the child rapidly got better, and is now strong and healthy.—JOHN WINSTANLEY, 10, Whittle-street, Liverpool, Jan. 2, 1869.—To P. D. & Son."



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IN THE COUNTRY.—(SEE PAGE 957.)

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.
Under the Sole Management of Mr. A. Harris.
Every Evening, at 7. **THE BOARDING SCHOOL.** After which the Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled **ROBINSON CRUSOE**; or, Friday and the Fairies. The Box-office is open from ten till five.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Every Evening, at 7. **MY WIFE'S OUT.** At 7.45, the grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled **PUSS IN BOOTS.** Characters in the opening by the principal members of the company. Double Troup of Pantomimists and various novelties.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.
Every Evening, at 7. **BLUE DEVILS.** Home. Messrs. Sothorn, Chippendale; Misses Ada Cavendish, Hill, &c. **THE FRIGHTFUL HAIR.** Messrs. Compton Kendal, Buckstone, jun.; Messdames Scott, Gwynne.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. B. Webster.
Every Evening, at 7. **DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL?** Mr. G. Belmore; Mrs. L. Murray. At 7.45, **THE DEAD HEART.** Messrs. Benjamin Webster, A. Striding, G. Belmore, R. Phillips, Ashley, Stuart; Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Lennox, Grey, &c.

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. E. T. Smith.
Every Evening, at 7. **THE YOUNG MAN IN GREEN.** After which, **THEIRISH TUTOR.** Master Percy Rosella. At 7.45, **HARLEQUIN HUMPTY DUMPTY**; or, The Old Woman from Babyland, Messrs. Rowella, Terry; Messdames Goodall, Parkes.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Vining.
Every Evening, at 7. **THE SECRET.** At 8, **AFTER DARK:** A Tale of London Life. Messrs. Vining, Walter Lacy, Dominick Murray, C. Harcourt, J. G. Shore; Misses E. Barnett, and Leclercq. And **MASTER JONES'S BIRTHDAY.**

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.
Every Evening, at 7. **TWO HARLEQUINS.** Mr. C. Lyall; Miss C. Loseby. At 7.45, **ON THE CARDS.** Mr. Alfred Wigan, M. Stuart; Miss M. Robertson. **ROBERT LE DIABLE.** Misses E. Farren, Loseby, Hastings. Two ballets. Mdlle. Bossi.

THE NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE ROYAL.
Manager, Mr. W. H. Liston.
Every Evening, at 7. **A RACE FOR A DINNER.** At half-past, **DEARER THAN LIFE**; also **THE LITTLE REBEL**, and **THE GNOME KING**; Messrs. Toole, Brough, Stephens; Miss Hodson.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Every Evening, at 7. **SLASHER AND CRASHER.** Messrs. G. Vincent, J. G. Taylor, E. Atkins; Mrs. Caulfield, Miss Shavry. After which, at 7.45, **THE YELLOW PASSPORT.** Messrs. Neville, J. G. Taylor, E. Atkins, G. Vincent, Cooper, Vaughan, H. Wigan; Miss Furtado, Miss Savoy, and Mrs. Caulfield.

THEATRE ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S.
Directress, Mdlle. de la Ferté.
Every Evening, at 7. **DEAF AS A POST.** At 7.45, **RED HANDS.** Messrs. Phelps, Coghlin, Gaston Murray, W. H. Norton, &c.; Messdames Lucy Rushton, Poyner, Florence Eveleigh, Meirabel, &c. And a Ballet Divertissement, **THE AMAZON'S FAREWELL.** Kiralfi Family.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.
Every Evening, at 7. **A WIDOW HUNT.** Messrs. Clarke, Belford, Joyce; Messdames Buiton, Maitland. **THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.** Messrs. Thorne, James, Robson; Mrs. Goodall. **HUE AND DYE.** Mr. Thorne; Miss Newton.

PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.
Under the Management of Miss Marie Wilton.
Every Evening, at 8. **SCHOOL.** Messrs. Hare, Montague, Addison, &c.; Mrs. Buckingham White and Miss Marie Wilton. Preceded by **A WINNING HAZARD**, and **INTRIGUE.** Mr. Montgomery; Misses A. and B. Wilton.

GLOBE THEATRE ROYAL.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Sifton Parry.
Every Evening, at 7. **A HAPPY FAMILY.** At 7.30, **CYRIL'S SUCCESS.** **BROWN AND THE BRAHMINS.** Messrs. E. Marshall, Warner, Vernon, Fisher, J. Clarke, &c.; Messdames C. Thorne, Henrade, Brennan.

THEATRE ROYAL, HOLBORN.
Under the Management of Miss Fanny Josephs.
Every Evening, **MIRIAM'S CRIME.** Messrs. E. Price, Parselle, F. Drew, W. Howard, Geo. Honey; Messdames Lydia Foote and Larkin. After which, **TURKO THE TERRIBLE**; or, the Fairy Rose. Messrs. F. Hughes, W. Arthur, G. Honey; Messdames Larkin, Fanny Josephs. **AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID.**

ROYALTY THEATRE.
Under the Management of Miss M. Oliver.
Every Evening, at 7.30. **A LOVING CUP.** Messrs. Dewar, Day, Danvers; Messdames Thompson and Kate Bishop. At 9, **CLAUDE DUVAL.** Messrs. Dewar, Danvers, Day; Miss Oliver, &c. To conclude with **EVERYBODY'S HUSBAND.**

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.
Sole Manageress, Miss Hazlewood.
Every Evening, **RIP VAN WINKLE.** And the successful Pantomime, **QUEEN LUCIDORA, THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS; HARLEQUIN PRINCE GRACEFUL**; or the Carp, the Crow, and the Owl.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.
Every evening, at half-past seven, **OSCAR CARRE'S PERFORMING HORSES. SCENES IN THE ARENA.** And **THE MARVELS OF ELECTRICITY.** Introducing the Wonderful Giant, 9 feet in height, and his Lilliputian Army of 250 troops and matchless ponies.

ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.
Lessees, Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick.
Every Evening at 7. **THE HOME WRECK.** After which the Pantomime of **JACK AND JILL AND THE SLEEPING BEAUTY**; or, Harlequin Humpty Dumpty. Clown, Mr. Croustie; Pantaloon, Mr. Gellini; Columbine, Miss Duval.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk, and from Seven till Ten.
ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds. Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 6, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.
PRICE ONE PENNY.

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The "Illustrated Weekly News" is a Family Paper of immense circulation. Unlike the ordinary weekly newspaper, it is preserved as a permanent Illustrated Record of the Events of the Day, and its consequent value to all kinds of advertisers cannot be over-estimated. Post-office Orders for Advertisements should be addressed to the Publisher, Mr. E. Griffiths, 13, Catherine-street, Strand, or to the Printers, Messrs. Judd and Glass, St. Andrew's-hill, Doctors' Commons. Postage-stamps received for amount up to 20s. Office, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, care of Judd and Glass, St. Andrew's Hill, Doctors' Commons.

The Illustrated Weekly News
AND LONDON HERALD.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

TERRIBLE CALAMITY IN YORKSHIRE.

The recent calamity in Yorkshire, of which we give details in another column, has excited a universal feeling of distress and concern. It is natural that it should be so. There is an antithesis in the events of the terrible ten minutes which saw the whole disaster begun and completed which invests with a tragic interest what must, under any circumstances, have been a sad and pitiable accident. No sport is more eager and intense than that in which the victims of this cruel catastrophe were engaged. They had been but just before—they were, indeed, at the very moment—in the midst of the fever and ardour of the chase. The hounds had "found," and the fox had taken to the river, with the pack behind. The fortunate eleven of the hunt who had managed to spring the first into the ferry-boat were congratulating themselves and being envied by the rest left waiting on the shore. A few seconds, and a restive horse had changed the scene of life, and energy, and animation to one of mere despair and death. The boat is stated not to have been fitted to carry more than half the number which had pressed into it, and the jostling of eleven panic-stricken hunters at once upset it. "For a moment the slimy bottom of the boat, rocked to and fro by the struggling of the men and horses, was all that could be seen by the spectators on the bank; then, here and there, in different parts of the stream, heads began to appear, only to sink again amid agonized cries, and hands and arms were flung up in despair." It is the pride of English fox-hunting that, above all pastimes, it encourages self-reliance; but there was little room for the display of self-reliance here. The Ure was in flood, and ran broad, and deep, and strong. Sir Charles Slingsby, the master of the hounds, could swim. The evidence is somewhat conflicting, as it well might be in such a scene of terror. But whether he was pulled overboard by his horse or followed it as it sprang into the water, he at once made for land. Encumbered, however, as he was with his hunting gear, he could not bear up against the violence

of the stream, and he appears to have been drowned when close to the opposite bank. Others, who might else have been saved, were probably disabled by kicks from the horses, which themselves perished, all but the cause of the whole disaster and two besides. To breast a river in the condition of the Ure on Thursday is a difficult thing for a prepared and practised swimmer. But, for men who had first to disentangle themselves from a ponderous boat which lay above them, to have swum across such a stream in hunting boots and coats, with a throng of terrified horses striking wildly out all about them, would have been well-nigh impossible. The feeling how impossible it was must have been a main element in the agony of the moment. But it is just to suppose that the effect which the instinct of self-preservation forced the sufferers to make may have blinded them to its hopelessness. The utter despair and horror of the spectacle were reserved for the spectators on the shore. If it is possible to measure such sensations one against the other, the feelings of those who knew that the inextricable and confused mass of struggling life which they saw a few yards off was made up of old friends and neighbours fighting for life against odds like these must have been the harder far to bear.

HOW THEY MANAGE THINGS IN FRANCE.

THERE are many curious things taking place in all large cities which are only known to their actors; but intimate yet hidden life in Paris would afford many a rich chapter of strange doings, perhaps belonging to that city alone. Such is certainly the impression that one gets from the letter of the Paris correspondent who happened to get into conversation with a fashionable Paris jeweller the other day. Looking, he writes, at the profusion of rings, bracelets, lockets, and more elaborate necklaces, glittering with gems, and displaying great artistic excellence in the mounting, I observed to my friend, "Who are the people in Paris who purchase these costly objects; what class of people support the many jewellers' shops to be met with in most of the important streets and boulevards?" "Well, Mr. M—," he replied, "it would be a long story to tell you all about our peculiar trade; some of us have a particular class of customers and deal in a different class of good. For instance, my neighbour sells a large amount of jewellery to the Tuileries, objects bought by the Emperor and Empress for presents; he also supplies foreign courts; he has an immense capital, and never asks to be paid! The merchant who left the shop when you came in is a dealer in imitation gems; he, again, does a peculiar business, and a very confidential business. You must have seen his wonderful productions in the Great Exhibition. The art of imitating precious stones has arrived at wonderful perfection; the pearl manufactured by that artist—for he is an artist and chemist—almost defies the knowledge of the profession. Well, he mounts the stones of his own making in gold or silver, and uses the fashionable designs. His best jobs are when he gets an order to imitate a set of jewels. I saw a beautiful bit of workmanship of his the other day. A great lady, who is a desperate gambler at the Bourse, the wife of a diplomatist, was hit very hard not long since, and obliged to pay a heavy account to her broker. She sold a most valuable set of emeralds, and my friend imitated wonderfully all the ornaments, they were placed in the same old boxes as the originals, and certainly her husband and friends will never find out this little trick of his speculating wife." This was not the whole of the conversation, but over the other part we would rather throw a veil.

BUMBLEDON AGAIN.

Is the reign of Bumbledon ever to be terminated in this highly-civilized and Christian country, or are the Barnacle family still to hold sway at head-quarters, with Bumble hanging on the outskirts, and England, with her heavy taxation, immense wealth, and cumbersome organizations for relief of distress, to be disgraced by constantly recurring scenes of hopeless wretchedness and starvation that could not be surpassed by any savage nation on the face of the earth? Within the last few weeks, two painful cases of respectable females dying in the streets from starvation, have been brought to light; and now we have another terrible instance, unhappily but one amongst many, of the inefficiency of our Poor-law system. A few days ago an inquest was held in the Isle of Dogs by Mr. Humphreys, the coroner, respecting the death of a woman named Catherine Spence, aged thirty-four, and her infant. She was the wife of a labourer, who had been almost without employment for two years and a half. They had pledged all their clothes to buy food, and some time since part of the furniture had been seized by the brokers for rent. The house in which they lived was occupied by six families, who paid the landlord 5s. 9d. for rent. One of the witnesses stated that "all the persons in the house were ill off for food, and the deceased never wanted it more than they did." The jury on going to view the bodies found that the bed on which the woman and child had died was composed of rags, and there were no bedclothes upon it. A small box placed upon a broken chair had served as a table. Upon it lay a tract entitled "The Goodness of God." The windows were broken, and an old iron tray had been fastened up against one and a board up against another. The relieving officer of the parish said that the husband had applied to the parish authorities for relief. The Guardians ordered him the stoneyard, 1 lb. of meat, 2 oz. of tea, and 1 lb. of sugar. "He did

not go to the yard. A man was allowed to earn 7d. there, but never more than 8d. He was allowed however, to get a loaf of bread every week for each child." Two days after his wife's death the poor man went mad, and he was taken to the workhouse. He was not taken to the asylum, for there was no room for him in it—it was crowded with mad people. The coroner said it was a case for grave consideration whether a man with a family ought not to be allowed to earn more than 8d. a-day in the stoneyard. A juror said that 8d. for a whole day's work was ridiculous. He had known cases in which men with families ordered to the stoneyard at 8d. a-day, knowing that they could not keep their families upon it, had said they would not go there; it was of no use; the parish must bury them. Another juror said it was of no use to return a verdict of death from starvation; it would only cause the distress in the island to be talked about in newspapers. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased woman died from exhaustion, privation, and want of food. The parish has doubtless buried the body, and another victim is thus offered up at the shrine of Ignorance, Prejudice, Red-tapeism, and Self-interest.

WORKHOUSE BABIES.

SOME evidence as to the way in which pauper infants are taken care of in workhouses was given this week at an inquest held in St. Luke's on the death of a child aged fifteen months. The mother was the wife of a shoemaker, who was paralysed, and on her being compelled to enter the workhouse, in November last, with her family of six children, the deceased child, being a baby, was, according to the regulations, taken from its mother and sent into the nursery. Its chance of being well tended there was not very great, for a score or more children were placed in the charge of three persons only—a pauper nurse named Smith, a girl named Glossop, aged twenty-three years, who is an imbecile and is never allowed to go outside the workhouse alone; and a pauper girl, aged twelve years. When the babies are washed two are placed in the bath at a time, and on their being taken out two sheets of the size of an ordinary tablecloth are used to dry them. The two sheets not being quite sufficient to make all of them dry after their immersion, the three and twenty babies are placed in front of the fire. She left the workhouse on the 19th of January. Their mothers are only allowed to see them once a week. One of the witnesses said that the lunatic girl, who was one of the three people to whom the care of the babies were entrusted, almost smothered one of them by throwing the bed clothes over its face to still its cries. The body of the child had many sores upon it, and some of them a doctor said might have been produced six weeks before death. The verdict returned by the jury was to the effect that death had resulted from disease of the mesenteric glands. The jurors added their opinion that the nurses having charge of the babies were incompetent, and ought to be removed, and that the healthy children ought to be separated from those which were sick. Recommendations, the carrying out of which should not be left to the arbitrary decisions of a board of guardians that could placidly tolerate such a state of things as that described, but should be made imperative. This is a "glorious free country," however, we will doubtless be told, and were that done our freedom would be in danger! of course with such disputants it would suffice nothing to remind them of the fact that the services of the pauper nurse were reckoned by the guardians to be worth five shillings per quarter—at least that was the amount of salary allowed to her; and that the mother of the deceased stated, and the statement remains uncontradicted, that of twenty children that went into the nursery only three came do alive. But what signifies this when compared with individual liberty?

We commend to the notice of church musicians of the old school the following epitaph in a Sussex churchyard: "Richard Bassett the old clerk of the parish, who had continued the office of clerk and sexton for the space of forty-three years, whose melody was warbled forth as if he had been thumped on the back with a stone, was buried on the 20th September, 1866."

PARTIAL PAYMENTS.—"I have one of Wheeler and Wilson's Sewing Machines, and I find it so troublesome to work that I should like to exchange it for one of yours. Would you take it in part payment, and what would you allow for it?"—Miss A. Scott, Dalmore Cottage, Alnora, Ross-shire, Scotland Nov. 19th, 1868. To the Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine Co.

Those who have experienced the worthlessness of cheap hand machines and the troublesomeness of two-thread machines are continually exchanging for The Silent Sewing Machine, the only really practicable one for family use. Daily testimony is received of its exceeding usefulness and of perfect satisfaction with its work. Book (98 pages) free. Machines carriage paid. Address the Company at 135 Regent-street, and 150 Cheapside, London.

CURIOSITIES OF MEMORY.—In the recently published edition of Dr. Forbes Winslow's work on "Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Mind," the following interesting anecdote is related: "A lady at some distance from town was in the last stage of an incurable disorder. A short time before her death she requested that her youngest child, a girl about four years of age, might be brought to visit her. This was accordingly complied with. The child remained with her about three days. Thirty years afterwards this young lady had occasion to go to the same house. Of her visit when a child, she retained no trace of recollection, nor was the name of the village even known to her. When she arrived at the house she had no memory of its exterior, but on entering the room where her mother had been ill and died, her eye anxiously traversed the apartment, and she said, 'I have been here before; the prospect from this window is quite familiar to me, and I remember that in this part of the room there was a bed, and a sick lady, who kissed me and wept.' On minute inquiry, none of these circumstances had ever occurred during the previous thirty years to her recollection, and in all probability they never would have been revived had she not revisited the locality."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

"ARDA," a pretty little ballet, melodious with the music of M. Camille Schubert, and picturesque in right of Mr. F. Fenton's well-painted views of terraced gardens and mountain and seaside scenery, is a welcome variation of the programme at this theatre. The action of the piece bespeaks Mr. Imri Kiralfi's taste and ingenuity in such matters, and furnishes abundant opportunities for the display of the Terpsichorean accomplishments of the numerous and nimble family to which he belongs. The scene is laid in some romantic region in the province of Mascara, in Africa, where the fascinating Princess whose name is the title of the ballet wields supreme but benignant sway over as interesting a race of barbarians as ever footed it alertly upon yellow sands in radiant costumes of silk, satin, gold and feathers. There are, of course, many encores for the hand of this fair potentate, the most formidable being a Corsair of sanguinary proclivities, but she discards them all in favour of Hadji Noureddin, whom with an intrepidity worthy of Grace Darling she rescues from a foundering ship. Thereupon the scene changes to a Jardin du Paradis—as it is blissfully termed—where a brilliant *divertissement* takes place. Then follow scarf dances, Persian dances, a *pas comique* by "Little Kiralfi," a clever child, and a variety of other evolutions executed in every instance with smoothness and celerity. Madlle. de la Ferrié is the Princess, and in that character finds frequent occasion for the display of her skill in graceful and expressive pantomime. The dresses are pretty, and the general *mise en scene* attractive.

EGYPTIAN HALL.

AFTER an absence of some eight-and-thirty years the strange brace of Asiatics known, par excellence, as the Siamese Twins, have returned to London, and yesterday they commenced a series of exhibitions of themselves in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, wherein the late Mr. Albert Smith used to give his entertainment. The speciality of these particular twins is that they are bound together by a ligament of flesh, presumed by the faculty to be tubular, which unites the body of one near the end of the breast-bone to a corresponding place in the body of the other. The band in question has a length of five inches, on the upper side and of four inches on the lower, and is, it is said, about three inches in width and two in thickness. Thus marvellously conjoined, the brothers have travelled harmoniously together through the journey of life for many years, having been born in the town of Meklong, near the Gulf of Siam, in 1811. In their case excessive familiarity does not appear to have had its proverbial result of mutual distaste. On the contrary, they seem to be upon the most friendly terms, and we are assured, upon the credit of the American gentleman who has them in charge, that though they may have differed in opinion, they have never had a quarrel in their lives, which is very much more than can be said of the generality of brothers who have greater independence of action. Each with one arm encircling the other's shoulders, and their figures curved concavely, as in a semicircle, these wonderful Dromedaries walk up and down a platform and enter freely into conversation with such of the bystanders as may wish to address them. One of the brothers is about an inch taller than the other, and of stronger build, but there is a striking likeness in their countenances, and the features of both are somewhat of the Chinese type, though considerably larger. They are married to two sisters, women of American birth, and each husband is the father of no fewer than nine children. Two of their daughters—modest, intelligent young women, of pleasing manners—take part in the exhibition, and distribute their photographs among the spectators for a consideration. On leaving London, we believe the strange pair are to visit Paris.

ONE of the richest pachas in Egypt has married Miss Mathilda Veneta, member of the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna.

We are told that Mr. Dion Boucicault is busily engaged in writing a grand spectacular piece for Drury Lane.

AMERICA, the land of the prodigies, is about to supply us with the Infant Gymnast, aged three and a half years.

The letters of Mary Lamb, sister of Charles Lamb, are about to be published.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS and Mr. Fechter are collaborators in a romantic drama for the Adelphi Theatre.

It is understood that Mr. Dion Boucicault has been for some time engaged on a philosophical treatise on the dramatic art to be called "The Master of the Revels."

MR. WOOLNER has received a commission to execute the large marble statue of the late Sir Bartle Peere, which is to be placed in the Townhall at Bombay.

The last unmarried daughter of the celebrated maestro, Meyerbeer, will shortly be led to the altar by Baron Adrian, a Privy Councillor of the State Chancery at Vienna.

LAMARTINE is said to be writing a new poem of about 600 lines, to be called "Forgetfulness." It is to form his "literary testament."

It has been suggested by an American paper that the centenary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott, the 15th August, 1871, should be celebrated throughout the English speaking world.

VICTOR HUGO is at work on a drama the events of which are during the time of the Restoration. It will not be published till after his forthcoming "L'Homme Qui Rit" has appeared.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will preside at the dinner to be given in behalf of the funds of the New-avenue Benevolent and Provident Institution at Freemasons' Tavern on the 26th April next.

In a cave at Rock Island, Illinois, the statue of an Indian maiden has been discovered. It has a solid copper pedestal, seven feet high, and obelisk of solid brass. Other Indian curiosities have been lately discovered in the same vicinity.

The committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society has determined to print 1,000,000 separate gospels (Valera's version) for immediate circulation in Spain. The plan will be carried out by large successive editions.

A LIFE of Edmund Kean is being prepared by Mr. W. Hawkins.

ALEXANDER DUMAS *pere* has finished the play which he promised to the Cbâtelet, "Blancs et Bleus." His son has a piece on the anvil of which report speaks highly.

MR. J. M. BELLEVUE, we hear, has become a student at one of the Inns of Court, with the intention of qualifying himself for a barrister. He desired to enter the Roman Catholic priesthood, but was precluded from doing so because he has a wife.

MR. HOWARD PAUL has written a piece for Mr. Toole, founded on a droll musical idea, entitled "Love in a Trombone"—that instrument being used by two lovers to conceal their little billets-doux.

We learn from good authority that Mr. Sothern does not go to America this year. It seems that after the engagement was signed the New York manager ignored it unless the date of opening was altered, on which Mr. Sothern refused to go on any date.

FOR singing 250 times at the Paris Variétés, during the past year Madlle. Schneider has received 90,000fr. To this amount may be added 40,000fr. received in the provinces during her vacation, making a total annual income of 130,000fr.

MR. J. H. PARKER is engaged this winter upon fresh excavations at Rome. The Papal authorities are more favourably inclined to his work than they were a year or two ago, and we hope for some important results from Mr. Parker's researches.

THE Superior Chapter of the "Order of Merit," sitting at Berlin, has just conferred the title of knight upon the King of Saxony, for a translation of Dante's "Divina Comedia." The Prussian representative at Dresden presented the insignia to his Majesty at a special audience.

IT is proposed to erect a memorial church at Oxford to the late Archbishop Longley. The cost is estimated at from £15,000 to £20,000. The subscriptions promised already amount to upwards of £2,000, and in the list are the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of Oxford, St. Asaph, and Chester.

MRS. HOWARD PAUL will appear at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, on the 22nd of this month, as Lady Macbeth, with Mr. Phelps as the Thane. She will also play the character of Hecate (singing all the music) the same evening, an undertaking never before attempted.

Two magnificent antiques have been dug up in the excavations at Ostia—one a bronze statue of Venus, about four feet in height; the other a marble figure of Hermaphroditus. Both images being nude, the Pope will not admit them in the museum of the Vatican, but they will be shown in a less public resort.

A NEWSPAPER is published on board the steamer Richmond, one of the huge passenger palaces which ply between Louisville and New Orleans. It is called the *Richmond Head Light*. It has two composers and one editor, and is published six times during each trip, or about three times a week. It is intended to be a faithful expositor of river life, affording racy entertainment for the passengers, as well as an advertising medium for hotel proprietors and merchants.

THE performance at the Variétés Theatre at Antwerp was interrupted a few nights back by a false alarm of fire. In a moment a general rush was made to the doors, and in the confusion several persons were thrown down and trampled on, among the number being two ladies, who received severe contusions, and on the following morning were still lying in a state of insensibility. A police-officer was in danger of being trodden to death, but he had sufficient presence of mind to bite the legs of the people who were treading on him and thus cleared around him space enough to permit him to rise to his feet. The panic is believed to have been caused by the cloud of dust raised by the dancers in a ballet, and the particles of which, falling on the footlights, caused a smell of burning.

THE new style of hymn introduced by the "Revivalists," and written, not merely for this generation but for this year, shows no improvement in the direction of reverence or decency. The most recent specimen of this kind of literature is from the pen of Mr. William Weaver, "the converted clown." Here is the first verse:—

I've given my heart to Jesus,
And mean to keep it so!
If the Devil wants to have it all,
I'll tell him—"Not for Joe!"

And so through other five verses "Not for Joe" is the refrain. The last is, perhaps, the most extraordinary:—

Lord give me strength to fight,
And battle every foe;
If tempted to forsake my God,
To cry out—"Not for Joe!"

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE differences between Mr. Studd and the Grand Stand Committee at Epsom have been adjusted, and consequently the Derby will take place as usual this year.

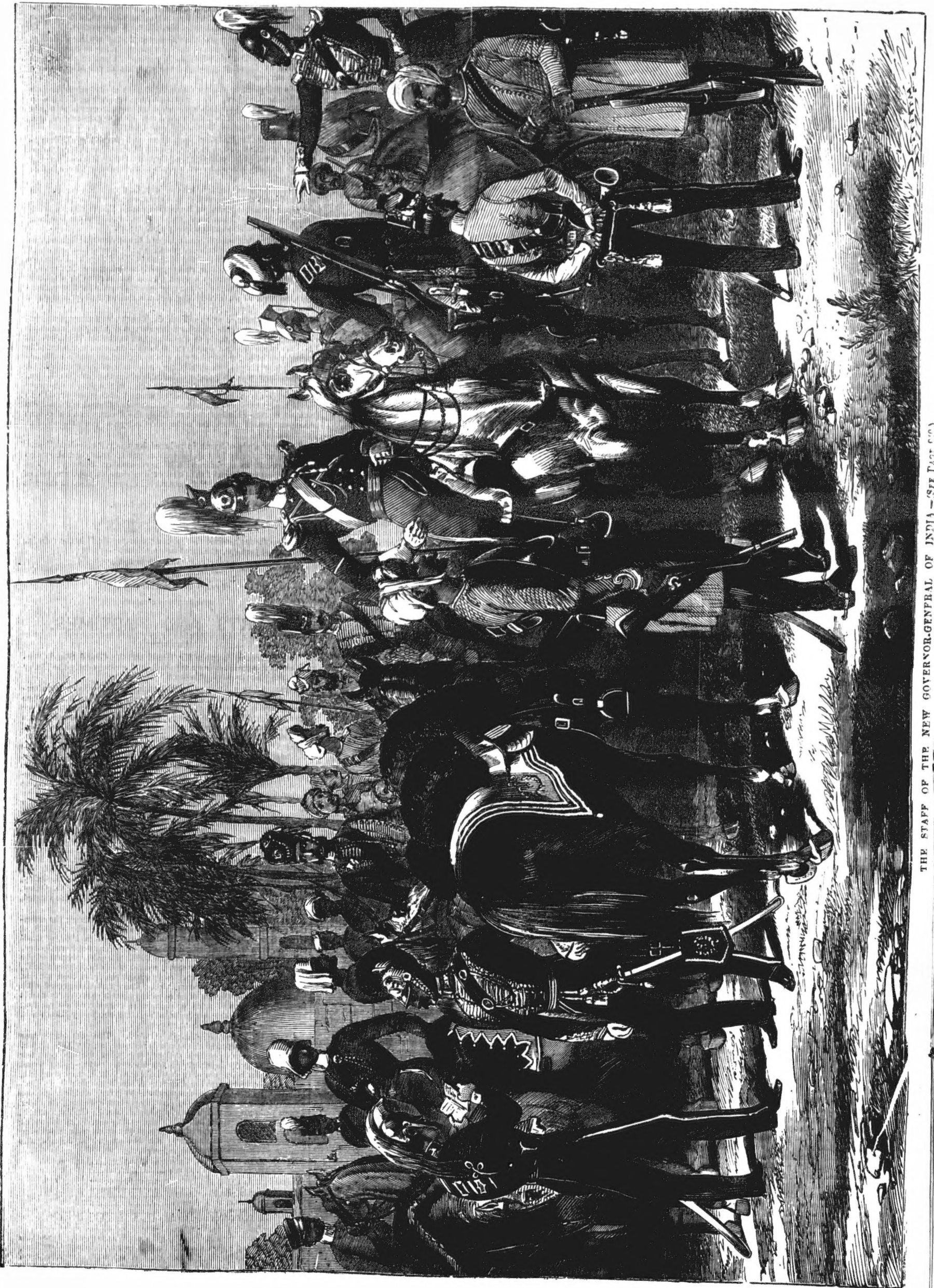
THAMES CLUB SPORTS AT WIMBLEDON.—On Saturday afternoon another of those exciting sports of "hare and hounds," so excellently managed by the members of the above club, took place over nearly ten miles of country, the hares being allowed fifteen minutes' start, carrying with them, as usual, bags containing small bits of paper to drop occasionally to denote the course taken. Messrs. F. U. Rainsford, L.A.C., and W. H. Eyre, L.A.C., were the hares, and ran from the King's Head, Roehampton, together, until entering Wimbledon-common. The line then taken was to the old mill, through the village, over the railway to Warple-lane, along Lower Morden, into much extensive grass land to Canon Park, on towards West Barnes farm, into Maiden-lane, by Whittles farm at Coombe-lane, up the back of the ridge-way by Christ Church to the Crooked Billet hamlet, crossing the Wimbledon cricket ground, and from thence home again by the old mill. Rainsford arrived first of the hares, in 1h. 26min.; and Eyre in 1h. 28min. The 15 hounds came in thus:—J. W. Gilmour, L.A.C., in 1h. 20min.; H. C. Riches, L.A.C., 1h. 21min.; J. C. Gordon, Flamingoes F.C., 1h. 21min. 50sec.; P. J. Burt, 1h. 22min. 20sec.; W. Rye, T.R.C.; J. G. Chambers, A.A.C.; H. W. Stafford, Civil Service; O. C. J. Michod, L.A.C.; T. G. Oxley, D. Donaldson, G. W. Hedley, Hampstead F.C.; T. G. Oxley, Stella Club; and J. Cockerill, Crystal Palace C.C., also started, but were not timed.

BRADSMAN, winner of the Derby in 1858, is receiving the attention due to the sire of Blue Gown, who won the Derby in 1868, of Green Sleeve, who won the Middle Park Plate in 1867, of Roscrucian, who won the Criterion Stakes in 1867, and of Pero Gomez, who won the Middle Park Plate in 1868. Regalia, winner of the Oaks in 1865, and Achievement, winner of the St. Leger in 1867, and of a prodigious number of races altogether, have been sent on a visit to him at Hurstbourne Park. The event is regarded with much interest by lovers of horse racing, and is expected to result in foals which will fetch a high price even if they do nothing afterwards. In the words of a sporting authority Bradsmann "promises to have a brilliant season."

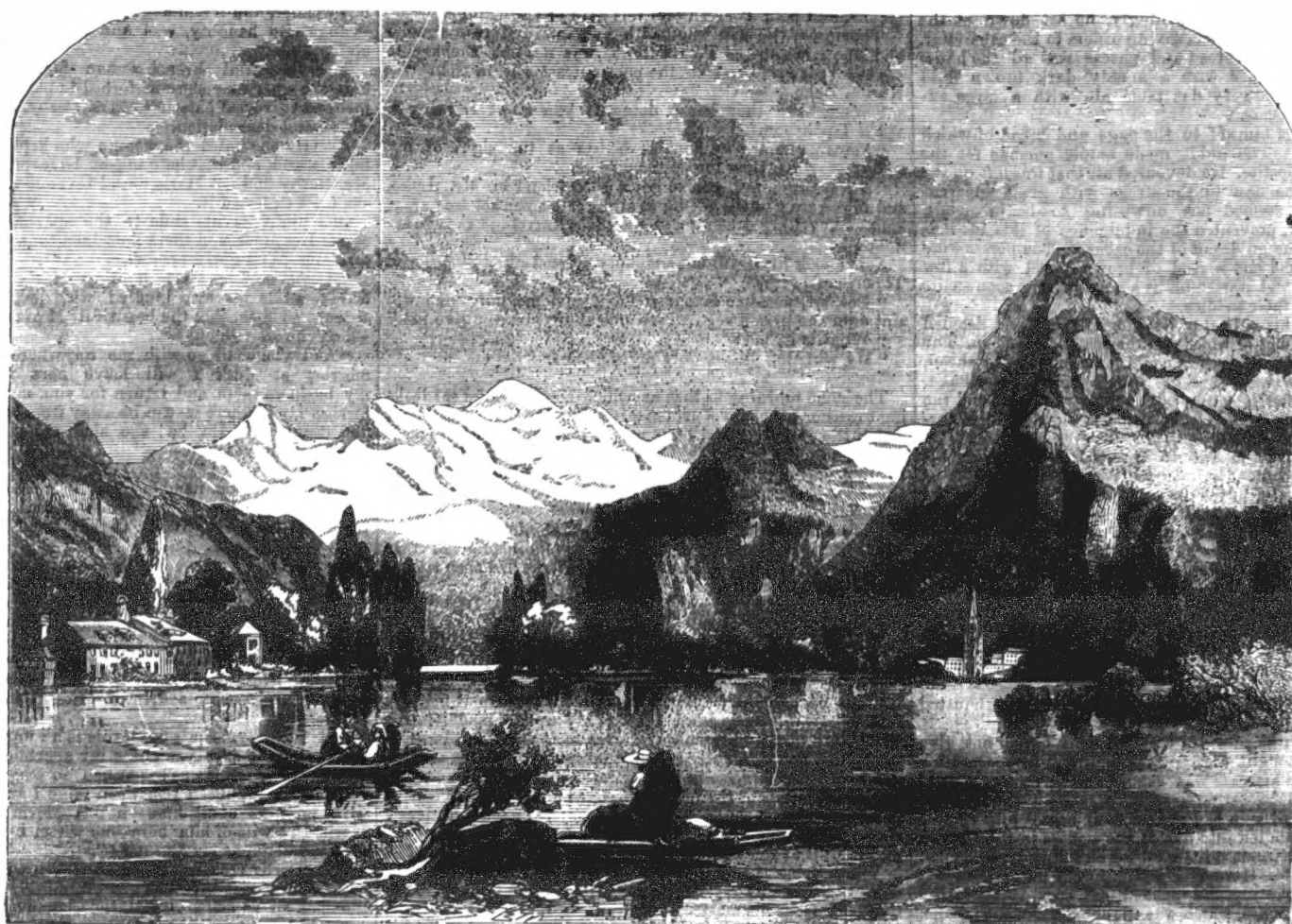
CAMBRIDGE has challenged Oxford. The challenge was received at Oxford, and the race will be rowed on the 20th March. The Oxford crew have been doing steady work for the past few weeks, but the floods which entirely cover the towing-path prevent the men from being properly coached, and will, if they continue, seriously interfere with the efficiency of the boat. Mr. S. D. Darbishire, Balliol, who rowed stroke last year, and who it was expected would again occupy that important position, has been absent from his post for several days, and Mr. A. C. Yarborough, an excellent substitute, has taken the stroke-oar. The following are the names, weights, and colleges of the men now composing the crew, who will be steered by Mr. Neilson, of St. John's, who has not yet come into residence:—

S. H. Woodhouse, University (bow)	11	0
R. Tahourdin, St. John's	12	0
T. S. Baker, Queen's	12	8½
F. Willan, Exeter	12	13
J. C. Linne, University	13	7½
W. C. Crofts, Bras-nose	11	2
W. D. Fenson, Balliol	11	12
A. C. Yarborough, L. noth	11	8
D. A. Neilson, St. John's, coxswain	7	12

The Messrs. Salter, of Oxford and Wandsworth, have this morning received instructions to build a new boat for the Oxonians, and it is already on the stocks. A telegram has also been received by the same firm instructing them to build a new boat or Cambridge.



THE STAFF OF THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.—(SEE PAGE 600.)



THE LAKE OF COMO.—(SEE PAGE 949.)

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY. BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XII.

WATERLOO.

Poor old Horman wandered on through the crowded, well-lit streets of Brussels. Entirely heedless of where he was going, he suffered himself to be guided by the stream of passengers from one street into another until he found himself on the Boulevards.

Here the space was less confined, and Horman missing the jostling of the crowd, recalled his wandering thoughts to himself, and looked around him. He was in the lower town, near the canal, and began to think of what he should do next. Pausing opposite the open door of a café, he looked in, but it was crowded with bourgeois busily engaged over their Faro in playing dominoes and cards while the click of billiard balls and the exclamations of the players fell discordantly upon his ear.

The noisy scene was one in which the poor old man, sick at heart as he was, had no sympathy, and he turned away to find a more congenial place in which to collect his thoughts and decide upon a plan of action.

A few yards further brought him to a smaller café, whose appearance, if it did not promise an equal amount of comfort with the one he had at first seen, betokened that quietude and repose which poor Horman, excited and disturbed as he was by the late events, now found absolutely necessary.

Entering, he took a seat at one of the little tables, and leaning his elbows on it, buried his face in his hands and was soon deep in thought. The proprietor of the café, who was also the waiter, approached him ready to receive his orders. Horman, whose thoughts were occupied with far different subjects, paid no attention, and remained in the same position totally oblivious of his presence.

Becoming impatient, the man at last spoke.

"Que demandez-vous, M'sieu."

Startled by the voice, Horman abruptly raised his head and looked vacantly at his interrogator.

"Eh?" he said.

The waiter repeated his inquiry.

Horman, not in the least understanding the words, though guessing their purport, glanced round the room. At the other end sat a man, the only occupant of the cabaret besides himself, with a glass, metal-topped flagon, the contents of which he was gradually disposing of with great apparent relish.

Horman pointed to the flagon the man held, and then to himself. The sign was immediately understood, and Horman was soon supplied with a similar tankard, containing a fluid confidently supposed by the natives of the country to be beer, but which Englishmen, accustomed to the amber-tinted nectar brewed by Bass, would reject in disgust.

"Six sous s'il vous plait M'sieu," said the man as he placed the tankard before Horman.

This was readily understood by the old man as a demand for payment, and he put his hand into his pocket for the purpose of drawing out some money, as he did so he felt a paper there, opening it, he saw that it contained the instructions given him by Captain Crowbert, the presence of which he in his haste to find his master, had forgotten.

He glanced quickly at the contents, forgetting the necessity of paying the man who stood anxiously waiting, longing to finger the money he had heard chink in Horman's pocket. Passing over the preliminary instructions for the journey, he stopped at a passage where Captain Crowbert gave the name under which the Chevalier de Merton was passing. It was

a Flemish name Mynheer Vanderaa; the Chevalier was doubtless passing for a Belgian.

Horman at once perceived the mistake he had committed; it was some one similarly named with his master that the waiter had spoken of as Captain Merton might yet be at the Hotel; perhaps even he had been within a few yards, while he, stupid idiot, Horman apostrophized himself, was inquiring at the door.

The faithful old fellow jumped up from his seat, upsetting in his haste the table and the tankard of beer, and rushed hastily by the proprietor, who in vain tried to stop him, out of the door, regardless of the cries of the poor cabaretier who, enraged at the destruction of his property shouted *au voleur* at the top of his voice, while dancing and gesticulating wildly.

Horman, however, took no notice, he could think of nothing but his error, and the hope he had in rectifying it of yet finding his master. His joy at that would fully atone for all the grief he had suffered during the past few hours.

He hurried on, retracing as nearly as he recollected the direction he had taken in coming from the hotel. Chance favoured him;—as he emerged from the Rue de la Cour he saw on the opposite side the hotel he sought, running up the steps he pushed open the door and looked eagerly round the entrance hall for a waiter. Just at the top of the stairs with a tray of bottles and glasses he saw Antoine, the one who had spoken to him on the former occasion. Horman bounded up with the lightness of a youth of twenty, and seized Antoine by the arm with a violence that nearly made him upset the tray he carried and its contents.

"Prends donc garde, toi!" Antoine shouted angrily as he balanced his tray with the dexterity of a conjuror; then turning he recognised Horman.

"Ah! c'est vous, M'sieu l'Anglais," he said with a bow and a smile.

"I made a mistake in the name I asked for a little while ago," Horman hurriedly said; "it was Mynheer Von-der-hay that I wanted." The poor old fellow pronounced the name as slowly and distinctly as possible, pausing at each syllable and emphasizing it so that there could be, as he thought, no possibility of an error this time.

Antoine frowned thoughtfully, and stood apparently deep in meditation, while Horman waited eagerly for him to speak, and almost devoured him with the earnestness of his gaze.

"Mynheer Fontray, you say," spoke Antoine inquiringly. "Yes," replied Horman; "Mynheer Von-der-hay, a tall, slim, gentleman."

"Wid a beard?" said Antoine.

Horman hesitated for a moment, then recollected that part of his master's disguise was a false beard, so he answered quickly.

"Yes, that's the gentleman I want. Do you know him? Is he here?" and Horman clutched the waiter's arm more tightly, as he looked into his face as if to read the answer there.

"Oh, yais," replied Antoine; "I know 'im ver well, he stay 'ere long time; went away deis aftairenoon."

"Another disappointment!" The old man let go the waiter's arm, and turned away his head to conceal the bitter anguish that he felt. Hope, however, revived in his heart as the waiter said:—

"I tell you vare he gone, if you like. He gone to Waterloo."

"I must go after him directly," said Horman, decisively. "Which is the best way of getting there?"

"It is impossible," replied Antoine; "You vill not go dis night—so late?"

"Oh, yes I will though," said Horman, determined not to lose a moment in following his master. "How did Mynheer Von-der-hay go?"

"He go in a *voiture*. You 'ave one too," said Antoine.

Horman thought for a moment. If he took a carriage it would probably not go any faster than the one he wished to overtake. He was a good rider, and if he took a horse would soon be able to come up with his master, who was, doubtless, by this time at Waterloo, and most probably in bed.

"No," he replied, "I'll go on horseback. I suppose you've got some horses here. Let me have the best one in your stables as quickly as possible."

"A cheval," said Antoine in a tone of mingled respect and surprise, for, like most of his countrymen, he was but an indifferent horseman, and regarded a *promenade à cheval* as far from being a pleasure or a preferable method of journeying, but as a sacrifice accompanied with much pain and tribulation, to be offered up to the ubiquitous and uncompromising Mrs. Grundy.

"Ver well," he continued, "you 'ave one in ten minutes; vill you come vid me?"

"All right," said Horman, "and if there is any one in the hotel who can go with me and show the way I shall be very glad. I don't mind what it costs so long as I can overtake Mynheer Vonderhay."

Antoine promised compliance with the request, and led the way downstairs, leaving Horman in the *salle à manger* while he went to make the necessary preparations.

In a comparatively short time, which, however, seemed trebly long to the impatient old man, Antoine returned to tell him that all was ready for his departure, and also that he had secured a guide in the person of the groom attached to the establishment, who was perfectly well acquainted with the road Horman wished to follow.

Old Fidelity needed no second summons, he followed his guide with alacrity, and arrived at the door simultaneously with him, despite of Antoine's superior youth and habitual quickness of motion.

The two horses were waiting him, held by the guide, a middle-aged under-sized native. The animals would not have created any great sensation at Newmarket, being unmistakably heavy, "Dutch built," and Roman nosed, but like many other sublimary matters they performed better than they promised, and set off at a tolerably swift pace as soon as the two men had mounted and taken leave of Antoine.

Horman's anxiety led him to pest his guide with questions concerning the subject that most occupied his thoughts. But in addition to the man's natural taciturnity, he understood neither English nor the little French of which Horman was master, he could only speak Flemish, that most discordant and guttural of European languages, which not even the lips of a pretty woman can render in the least musical.

Horman was therefore fain to keep his thoughts to himself and blindly follow his guide as he led the way out of the town on the road to Waterloo.

The moment the gates were passed Horman urged his horse into a gallop, the guide did likewise, and the stones rattled under the heavy feet of the horses while the trees that bordered the road flitted rapidly by. In about an hour's time they reached a small village which of course contained a cabaret, though it would have caused an observer to wonder where the customers could possibly come from upon whom the proprietor depended for his profit.

It was necessarily a poor place, but cheerless as it seemed it was enough to tempt the guide to pull up his horse at the door and dismount, very much to Horman's disgust. However, there was no help for it, he could not argue with the man on the impropriety of his conduct, nor could he continue his journey alone; there was nothing left for him to do but follow his guide into the house and make the stay as short as possible.

Besides, he began to feel that grief or excitement but ill supplies the place of food, and that it was necessary for him to

get something to eat and drink; so inwardly chafing at the delay, but not altogether unwillingly, he sat down at the table with his guide, who was giving orders to the cabaretier. Some eggs and coarse bread and cheese was all the house could produce, together with a muddy dark brown fluid tasting somewhat like very flat table ale with a large admixture of bad vinegar.

Horman confined himself to the eggs and bread of which he ate but little. The guide made ample amends for the other's want of appetite. He devoured all that was left on the table and drank the beer to the dregs with great apparent satisfaction, and seemed not unwilling to begin again. Horman, however, prevented the indulgence of this inclination by pushing the guide out of the cabaret. The horses were ready, they two had had a feed of brown bread with a few pailfuls of water, and started off at a good pace as soon as the two men were in their saddles.

Horman urged his animal to its utmost speed and listened eagerly for the sound of wheels on the road before them. The carriage containing his master could not be very far ahead, he thought, and it might not yet have reached the village. They passed nothing, however, but a solitary waggon, and the morning had dawned before they came in sight of their destination.

The guide notified the fact to Horman by pointing his finger down the road and grunting "Waterloo."

The old man looked in the direction indicated, and saw the houses of the village about half-a-mile ahead glistening in the morning sun. Two figures on horseback could just be distinguished in the road parallel with the village and seemed to be galloping rapidly inwards, in pursuit of a third figure on foot.

As he looked a puff of white smoke rose in the air from one of the mounted men followed by the sharp report of a gun. The one on foot suddenly disappeared, he had evidently been fired at, and had fallen on the ground killed or wounded.

Horman started in his saddle and urged his nearly exhausted horse to a quicker pace.

Horrible, vague suspicions, to which he dared not give shape, even in thought, crossed his mind, and he spurred his steed again, while his gaze was eagerly fixed on the figures before him.

The two mounted men had got off their horses and carried the man who had fallen into one of the houses in the village, round the door of which a little crowd had already collected.

In a few minutes Horman's jaded horse stopped at the door, and, dismounting, he pushed his way through the peasants into the house, which was the chief inn of the village. Just inside the passage, at the door of the principal room, stood a gendarme, who refused Horman admittance, in spite of his entreaties.

Horman tried all means to gain admittance, but failed; even the proffer of a napoleon failed to subdue the gendarme's obduracy, and Horman was turning away in despair when a gentleman with an unmistakably English face, appeared at the door. In a moment the poor old fellow was back, and appealed to his countryman for permission to enter.

"Oh, sir," he said entreatingly, "for pity's sake let me see the gentleman who has been shot, I think I know him; or at least tell me his name."

"My poor fellow," replied the gentleman pityingly, as he saw Horman's deep distress, "the story is soon told. This man had just arrived here in a carriage from Brussels when these two gendarmes endeavoured to capture him. He tried to escape, was fired at—and killed. His name was—Font-tray."

With a piercing cry of the most bitter anguish, Horman rushed past into the room where lay all that remained of the unfortunate man; his features were so fearfully mutilated by the wound he had received that recognition was impossible. Horman threw himself on his knees beside the couch and embraced the inanimate body; as he did so his eyes fell upon a false beard that lay upon the floor, and which had evidently belonged to the dead man.

Horman doubted no longer, it was the corpse of his loved young master that he now wept and sobbed beside.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ARREST OF GORDON SAVILLE.

THE morning following the event on the terrace of Merton House, Norton Luke sat in his room comparing the notes in his note-book, and weaving a very strong string of circumstantial evidence against Mr. Saville.

The detective was alone, and mused quietly over his work, over which he was wholly absorbed. On the table at which he sat lay a purse of red silk and foreign manufacture, but much soiled with damp mould, showing it had but lately been taken from out of the earth.

A pocket-book in a similar condition was by its side; the book was empty, its contents were lying before the detective. The purse was well filled, and had been untouched.

Both purse and pocket-book had the night previous been dug out from beneath the yew tree at the front of the terrace steps, on which Saville had stood while Norton Luke told him the curious anecdote in which the trowel played such a demonstrative part.

At Norton Luke's feet lay the blood-stained saddle and bridle that had been taken from the horse which had taken poor Benson over death's peak.

Benson did not die. By the express order of Mrs. Montnor he was taken care of at the Queen o' Scots, and well attended to; but the doctor ordered him away to the South of France for a few months, and Benson had to go.

He was wanted back now. A letter addressed to him lay on the table at Norton Luke's elbow, but the detective was too deeply occupied at the present moment to notice that the time for the letter-carrier to arrive was at hand.

He was putting, in a compact and tangible form, the evidence he had collected against the person he suspected to be the real murderer of Stella Levison.

Such work is not usually quickly got over, and for hours the detective now and then raised his head to relieve his neck from being kept too long in one position.

When he did leave his room he went to the gaol at Burnsey, and had an interview with the governor. An hour after Norton Luke left, two men were despatched to the model prison at Lorking-on-the-Naze, with a warrant for the release of Thomas Effingham Tatters.

Not that he was to have his liberty, but he was taken from thence to Burnsey gaol, and kept confined in a cell fitted up

with more than the comforts usually bestowed upon male-factors, and poor Tom Tatters was glad of the change.

Thompson, the man who had been Captain Merton's gaoler and who remembered Tom Tatters, was no less shocked to see the broken-down state the poor outcast was in than was Norton Luke.

"What have they been doing to you up at Lorking?" asked Thompson.

"Amusing their own fiendish hearts at the sight of my suffering, when they tortured me."

"Never mind, lad, you've got a good friend in Mr. Luke, and if you ain't in the wrong at all he'll get you set free afore long. Anything I can get you without breaking the regulations?"

Tom shook his head, but suddenly started up and grasped Thompson's arm.

"Yes, sir, yes, one favour you can give me, only one wot aint agin the prison regulations, one thing you can give me."

"What is it, lad?"

"My whistle, please, only my whistle."

The same morning as that on which Norton Luke sat linking together his chain of evidence, Gordon Saville learned that one of the yew trees had been rooted up and badly replaced.

Pretending to pay no heed to the information, Saville waited the first opportunity that would enable him to see if such were the case.

It was.

With a strange misgiving in his heart, Gordon Saville went to his library to ponder. It was strange an incident of that nature should occur so soon after Norton Luke had been telling him the strange anecdote.

He summoned Smythe and inquired where Mrs. Derby was.

"With her maid, sir."

"How do you know?"

"I run up against her, sir."

"Who?"

"The French maid. By jingo, didn't she stare at me too! Stiff gal, no mistake. Lord, I felt as if I could a made violent love to her then and no mistake. But she's awful stuck-up!"

Smythe had evidently been drinking. It was not an unusual thing for him, to be heavily intoxicated in the morning, and the servants of the house wondered much at their master tolerating such a thing. Why Smythe had not been kicked out before no one knew; but he had a hold upon the wealthy master of that fine estate, a hold that none were aware of.

When sober he never dared look at Gordon Saville, but when drunk he forgot all prudence, and blind to the vindictive look from his master he kept on.

"Ye see, Governor, she don't seem to know I'm the head o' your household, and so looks down upon me in a sort of contempt what ain't refreshing, but, ye knows, I've said to myself, Joe, old boy, that's the gal for you. This was the instant I seed her, and Joe, old fellow, I says, look out; look arter her. So I did, and I waits about for her, and when she comed along the back staircase I gave her some flowers, which she chucked at me; so I says, says I, My dear—why—why." Smythe was growing worse, he stood right in the room now, rocking about on his heels and toes. "Why, ain't they good enough? Give us a kiss, and, he, he, ye should a-seen her jump back, then what a tigeress she were. 'Fel—lar'—she squeaked, 'get back.' Well I puts my arm around her waist; but I didn't kiss her; oh dear no. Cos why? she took me by the collar and sent me a-flying."

"Infernal scoundrel," cried Saville, leaping forward and striking Smythe a blow on the cheek that sent him sobered and nearly stunned to the floor, where he lay for a minute in stupefied horror.

He would have staggered to his feet, but Gordon Saville had caught him by the throat and was shaking the life almost out of his body.

Once, while Saville's fingers were on his throat, Smythe caught sight of his master's face, and the look upon it made his heart quake in mortal fear, for Saville's eye showed that the demon's soul was roused within him, and murder had no terror for him when aroused.

"Low-born viper," he hissed with his white face and gleaming teeth close in front of Smythe's eyes. "Is it for this I have saved you from the hangman's noose? I would flog you at my feet, but your own insignificance saves you—bust listen." Saville's fingers tightened on his servant's throat—and he went on.

"Dare to look at that lady with only one base thought passing in your brain. Let your lips show a smile or your eyes cast a look that means anything but such respect as is due from such servile scum as you are, and by all the power of earth I will kill you."

He seemed likely to do so now his fingers had grown tighter still on the poor wretch's neck, and the inclination seemed strong within him to crush the life from the heart of Smythe.

But he let him go after a last terrific shake that hurled him across the apartment.

Smythe never moved, but lay with blood-shot eyes and protruding tongue, and glaring in wild agony and fear at his master, who turned and left the room.

Then, when Saville was away, did Smythe stagger up, and shaking himself, as though to throw off the effects of the strangling sensation he experienced, he untied his collar, and tie to let his neck get air, while he wiped the perspiration from his face and brow.

"God! the fiend!" he muttered, hoarsely. "He nearly did for me then."

He was standing before a large pier glass now, and a dark sinister gleam shone on his small eyes, while his teeth grated harshly together.

There was a deep lurid spot that glowed on his cheek, when his master had struck him. There were several finger marks of a purple blue round his neck, though the real mark of the blow was in his heart, the finger stamps, round its tendrils, there he felt the agony that could be alleviated only by revenge.

Quietly he stole from the room—white and scared—with the spot still burning like brand of shame upon his cheeks. The marks were still livid upon his neck, and his foam-covered lips, firmly pressed, showed a purpose was in his heart that meant no good to Gordon Saville.

From that day Smythe was a confirmed drunkard—a desperate, dissipated bully out of his master's house; sullen, dogged, and silent in his master's presence.

But Saville never heeded him. A man with two wives in one house to look after, and watching an opportunity to get rid of one, is apt to forget all less important matters, and all other matters less important.

Gordon Saville shunned Mrs. Derby. Mrs. Derby could but wonder, and try to find the cause. Marie Desanges was strange and haughty, cool and indifferent, and not always civil.

The beautiful Frenchwoman found it hard to sustain the character she was forced to play; often did she feel inclined to reveal herself to Mrs. Derby, and taunt her with shame and degradation.

Bitterly she hated the woman who kept her from her lawful husband, and that hate might have proved dangerous to Mr. Derby had not Marie found revenge in her power when she least expected it.

One night Saville stole to the apartment, to the room of Marie Desanges, and there he talked to her of leaving Merton-house, and going far away.

"I will go," he said, holding Maria passionately to his breast, while his eyes kindled with love's flame, shown so ardent, so firm, that the beautiful Maria almost feared he whom she adored.

"And you shall go with me anywhere from here. Tomorrow at dusk I will leave here for London, settle my business there, and return for you, my wife. Then for a foreign land, where we can be away from the bonds of the law, and from her. Ha, ha! she shall enjoy this property all to herself. Oh, yes! she—"

"Hush, my love."

Marie placed her hand over Saville's mouth, and turned his face towards the door, which slowly opened, and by the aid of the room's pale light they saw Mrs. Derby standing upon the threshold.

Saville turned pale. This was unexpected. The result of it was uncertain. He wondered how Mrs. Derby knew he was there. A traitor was in the house, he asked himself; the presence of Mrs. Derby at such a time and in such a way told him there was.

Marie Desanges turned slowly and drew her royal figure to its full height, and with a face flushed with anger and flooding eyes she addressed the mistress of Merton House.

"Mrs. Derby," she said, "this is an unpardonable liberty. By what right dare you enter my apartment without knocking? Retire, Madame! When in your chambers, I am your maid. Whilst I remain in mine I am my own mistress—the mistress of all here—not as Marie Desanges, but as Marie, the wife of him here—whom I claim, by the laws of matrimony, as my husband!"

Mrs. Derby reeled as though stricken with sudden death.

"Your husband!" she gasped, clinging to the handle of the door for support. "You lie, woman! Shameless thing! vile—"

"Begone, Madame! 'Tis you who are shameful, disgraced, degraded, and ruined! This is my husband, the Englishman who married me in France—the husband I thought lost to me for ever. Go hence, Madame, or, *pardieu*, I will denounce you to the household and the world, and reveal myself absolute and only mistress here, for my husband is master!"

Mrs. Derby's agony was dreadful to behold. She let go the door handle, she dropped her hands, and glared vacantly towards the moonlit sky, while the agony of her soul was depicted on her face.

"Gordon," she said faintly, "Gordon—my husband! Is this true?"

"Ay, you have heard aright. You know the story, Charlotte; you see the sequel."

He had got his arm round the waist of Marie, who was drawn to his breast.

Mrs. Derby went pale and icy. She seemed to be suddenly turned into a statue of alabaster, with pale, blue lips, and dark, vacant looking eyes.

"Is it for this I have sinned against man and God?" she said, in a voice so low and so sepulchral as to send a thrill through the frames of her hearers. "Is it for this I have steeped myself in crime; that I have wronged those I should have loved? For this that I have been my brother's murderer and sold my soul at the devil's price? Oh, God! the word is not mockery; retribution has come! But why all upon me? I who sinned for him; to give him this home, to satiate my vanity. For this I have waded through blood and wickedness. Oh, Gordon Saville, may Heaven's bitterest blight fall upon you! May my curse light upon you—both of you, and smite you as you have smitten me! Hear, I say and again receive my last, my bitterest curse!"

Then she fell a huddled heap—still and motionless—quiet and livid—with the moon shining on her stone-like form more ghastly—because more horrible—than death.

Loud and many were the bells that rang through the house, and roused the servants out of their usual laziness into something like activity, as they went in a mass towards Marie Desanges' room.

"Do your best, my wife," said Saville. "I will start at once to London—that we may leave here at once—farewell—for a day."

One long, fervent embrace—an embrace that was none the less ardent for the huddled, death-like form that lay a collapsed heap on the floor—then Gordon Saville leaped from the window to the lawn; but he took never a step.

Norton Luke stood before him.

"Ah! Mr. Saville, I am glad I've met you out of the house; you know in there it's very jolly, and I like your company, and esteem you very much—as Mr. Gordon Saville. But out here, Mr. Saville, we will change characters; for instance, I will be Charles Lamb."

"Ahem—the detective!"

"—the detective, and you shall be, ahem—Captain Cogill, Ernest Merton, TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN, and Murderer!"

(To be continued.)

(Commenced in number 372 of the "LONDON HERALD.")

NO MORE MEDICINE.—Health restored by Du Barry's delicious Revalenta Arabica Food, which cures dyspepsia, indigestion, cough, asthma, consumption, debility, constipation, diarrhoea, palpitation, nervous, bilious, liver, and stomach complaints. Cure No. 68,413.—"Home, July 21, 1866. The health of the Holy Father is excellent, especially since, abandoning all other remedies, he has confined himself entirely to Du Barry's Food, and his holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly."—*Gazette*. Du Barry and Co., No. 77, Regent-street, London, W. In tins, at 1s. 1½d.; 1lb., 2s. 6d. 12lbs., 22s.; 24lbs., 40s. Also at Fortnum and Mason, and all grocers and chemists.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

HABEAS CORPUS SUSPENSION ACT.—The act for the suspension of the writ of Habeas Corpus in Ireland will expire on Lady Day.

THE LATE MR. ERNEST JONES.—At a meeting of the Holborn branch of the Reform League, it has been decided to hold a great memorial demonstration in Hyde Park in memory of the late Mr. Ernest Jones.

THE SWINDON MAGISTRATES have sent for trial Mr. George Horsell, of Whitehill Farm, Wootton Bassett, a wealthy farmer, for intimidating a workman in his employ at the late Cricklade election. Mr. Horsell was admitted to bail.

REMARKABLE CROP.—On Wednesday, last week, a Mr. Angwin, of Mousehole, Cornwall, gathered above 50 good apples from a tree in his garden; this was a second crop. In the same garden there is a pear tree in full bloom.

It is proposed to get up in London a working man's memorial to the late Mr. Ernest Jones. It is suggested that with a view to allow all classes to join in paying a mark of respect to the deceased a monument should be erected to his memory by means of a penny subscription.

A VERDICT for £200 damages has been returned in the Irish Court of Queen's Bench against a resident magistrate, Mr. French, for having falsely imprisoned, in Naas gaol, a gentleman, arrested by mistake, on a charge of theft, at the last Punchestown races, and against whom no informations had been sworn.

A successor has at length been found to Sir Richard Mayne in the Commissionership of Metropolitan Police. The choice of the Government has fallen on Colonel Henderson, C.B., and it has received the approval of her Majesty. Colonel Henderson has, up to the present time, filled the positions of Surveyor-General of Prisons and chairman of the directors of Convict Prisons.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Portsmouth to prevent funerals on Sundays. The employees of the undertakers and coach proprietors have already drawn up a memorial on the subject, and at a recent meeting of the principals it was resolved that they should also memorialize the various burial boards, soliciting their co-operation in the movement.

THERE is now very little doubt that Dover will be selected as the locale for the grand annual Volunteer Easter Review, and if so, it is reported, the Volunteers will be supported in their display by the Yeomanry of Kent, the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles, under the Colonel Commandant the Earl of Mountcharles, and the West Kent (Queen's Own), under Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant the Earl of Darnley, in addition to the whole garrison.

The closing of Woolwich and Deptford dockyards will throw out of employment a vast number of artisans and labourers, unless the vacancies occurring in the interim at the Chatham and Portsmouth yards should open another field for them. The *Times* states that there will be unemployed nearly 700 shipwrights, 40 caulkers, 150 joiners, 20 sailmakers, 40 sawyers, 220 smiths, 20 millwrights, 50 riggers, and about 530 labourers.

ANOTHER new metropolitan church has been completed, and the Bishop of London has fixed Monday, the 15th inst., for the consecration. It is situated in Barnsbury, and the district which is assigned to the new church is taken out of the parish of St. Luke, Holborn. The Rev. James Ormiston, of King's College, London, has been appointed to the incumbency of the new church and district, which are dedicated to St. David.

MR. R. WEBB GEORGE, of Kilburn, has recently patented a new form of stove, for which the merit is claimed of producing a large supply of heat from the minimum quantity of fuel, fourteen pounds of coal being sufficient to warm a room fifteen feet square for sixteen hours. The temperature obtained rises to a heat capable of producing mischief either to health or property, and all the injurious effects of combustion are carried away by the chimney.

DURING the past year no fewer than one thousand six hundred and sixty-eight fires occurred in the metropolis, and of these between one-third and one-fourth, or four hundred and seventy-nine, arose from "unknown causes." The indemnities offered by the system of fire insurance to the wilful destruction of property by fire are, admittedly, very great; and unfortunately it is a matter of certainty, and not of doubt, that dishonest and interested persons do yield to the temptation.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.—According to the *Levant Herald* it is now definitely arranged that the Prince and Princess of Wales will visit Constantinople after their tour in Egypt. An application, it says, has already been made to the Porte to allow the frigate in which they will perform the voyage to pass the Dardanelles, and this permission has of course been granted, the vessel being for the time equipped merely as a Royal yacht, and her passage to the Bosphorus in no way infringing, therefore, the rule lately laid down respecting men of war.

PAUPERISM AND EMIGRATION.—At the last meeting of the Medway Board of Guardians a petition, signed by 40 inmates of the workhouse, was received, asking the board to send them to Canada, as they had no means of improving their condition in this country. During a conversation on the subject it was stated that at various times 350 inmates of the workhouse had been afforded the means of emigration, and that if some were not again sent out a new wing to the building would be required. The question was referred to a committee.

It was announced the other day that the whole of the persons employed in the ropemaking department at Devonport Dockyard had received an intimation from the Admiralty that it is probable their services will no longer be required at the termination of the present financial year. A similar notification has been given to the workpeople employed in the ropery at Chatham, the Lords of the Admiralty having determined on concentrating the manufactures of the whole of the rope required for the Royal Navy at one dockyard, but whether at Chatham or Devonport seems not to be finally determined upon.

In the *Contemporary Review* the Rev. Dr. C. Marivale gives the result of his local observations with reference to the physical condition of the rural population. He believes they are fast deteriorating in physique, and he is anxious to learn what the experience of others teaches on the subject. People in his parish sometimes live to a great age, but generally speaking the powers of life seem to be weaker. Their style of living has certainly not improved. In the course of twenty years nothing has changed for the better, except that tea and sugar are cheaper. Meat is dearer, and flour "has hardly fallen at all on the average." Milk, butter, and vegetables are more difficult to get than ever. Rent is a little higher than it used to be.

Gold diggings in the north of Scotland will be a surprise to many persons; but there they are, in the shire of Sutherland, and with a number of diggers who are collecting alluvium from the borders of the Holmedale river, and washing it in the stream. The quantity hitherto collected is not great, perhaps £200 worth, but the quality is described as good and the colour bright; and diggers who have worked in Australia are of opinion that when proper means are taken the yield will be something considerable. Are we about to witness a "rush" to the Sutherlandshire diggings? and shall we see the wild strath in which the gold lies buried sprinkled with tents, and noisy with the eager labour and outcry of an excited population? That would indeed be a novelty on this side of the globe.

THE PENMANSHIP OF CLERGYMEN.—The registrar-general of births, marriages, and deaths in England states, in a communication made to the Marriage Law commission, that the copies sent to him of registers of marriages solemnized by clergymen are so illegible, "owing to the bad writing of the ecclesiastics," that names frequently cannot be read or are mistaken, and consequently in the great general index errors occur, and when in after years the names are searched for, spent as they ought to be, they cannot be found. He is obliged to enter many marriages with aliases—rather a disagreeable way of being registered. He says that the civil registrars of marriage write more legibly. He is rather alarmed at the proposal to authorize ministers of all denominations to register marriages.

MISS COUTTS AND THE AYRESHIRE WEAVERS.—Mr. John Hassard, writing by authority of Miss Burdett Coutts, to rectify a mistake in reference to what that lady had done in assisting the poor to emigrate, says:—"Miss Coutts's only unpleasant experience in emigration matters has been in regard to a body of Ayrshire weavers, to whom—on the representation of the minister of the place that they were poor, respectable, and industrious, she was induced to lend a very large sum of money to enable them to emigrate. These persons have not made any attempt to repay even a portion of the money advanced, but Miss Coutts has reason to believe they have done well, and have sent home money from time to time that their relatives might join them."

THERE has been formed at Birmingham a "National Education League," with the object of establishing a system "which shall secure the education of every child in England." The programme of this society may be summed up under the following heads:—The maintenance of schools out of local rates supplemented by Government grants, local management with Government inspection, unsectarian teaching, free admission of scholars, and compulsory attendance. It is proposed to seek the co-operation of the whole kingdom in this work, and when the movement has been adequately matured a general meeting will be called to elect a council to form branch societies, to disseminate information upon the subject of popular education, and to promote a bill embodying the principles of the league.

WORKING MEN'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—The Hon. Auberon Herbert attended a meeting at the Queen's Hotel, Birmingham, on Thursday afternoon, last week, and explained matters connected with the proposed exhibition, to be held in 1870, as now arranged. He expressed a hope that manufacturers would give to their men facilities for becoming exhibitors by loans of materials, tools, or workshops for the manufacture of articles. A discussion followed, in which Mr. Elihu Burritt and others engaged. The following resolution was adopted:—"That, having heard the statement of the Hon. Auberon Herbert, this meeting is of opinion that the manufacturers and artisans of Birmingham should be solicited to co-operate in the proposed International Exhibition, to be held in London in 1870, and that a public meeting be called to lay the subject before the town, and that a provisional committee be appointed to make the necessary arrangements."

TRADES UNIONS.—A conference of trades unions is to be held in Birmingham in June next, and the following 12 subjects have been selected as those on which papers would be allowed to be read or resolutions proposed:—1. Justifications of trades unions. 2. Legislation of trades unions and the commissioners' report. 3. Trades unions, political economy, and foreign competition. 4. Reduction of the hours of labour beneficial to the nation. 5. Limitation of the number of apprentices. 6. Strikes and lock-outs, their cause and effect. 7. The necessity of assimilating the Factory and Workshops Acts of 1867. 8. How far will co-operative production and industrial partnerships assist in settling the conflicting interests of capital and labour. 9. The absolute necessity of trades unionists having representatives at the meetings of the Social Science Association. 10. Primary education. 11. The best means to secure the direct representation of labour in the House of Commons. 12. The necessity for working-class newspapers, and the best means for their establishment.

CUSTOM-HOUSE WASTE.—On Wednesday, last week, the Customs' authorities of Greenock, finding themselves in possession of nearly sixty boxes of tea which the previous owner had been unable, or unwilling, to redeem from bond, chartered a tug steamer with orders to convey the tea to the tail of the bank and there commit it to the deep. The tea, it appears, was of an inferior kind, known in the West Indies as "Coccolates," from its being supplied to the coolies there in lieu of a more fragrant and stimulating article; and, not being able to get a speedy market for it in Greenock or Glasgow, the owners found that to pay the storage would be to pay more than the tea was worth, and they, therefore, allowed it to fall into the hands of Her Majesty's Customs' authorities, who could hit upon no other expedient of disposing of it than the simple and effectual one of burying it under the waters of the Clyde. The tug was accordingly paid to carry the tea to the middle of the Frith, where, along with the boxes in which it was packed, it was duly sunk. The tea was of no great value, but it would have fetched a few pence per pound, or might have been handed over to a poor-house, or to some of the mission associations, to distribute among the destitute classes of Glasgow or Greenock. As it is, the tea and the boxes have been destroyed, and the authorities have paid for destroying them.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my looks are not quite gray:
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And it makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old,
And my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true, is very true—
I'm old, and "I bide my time";
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring:
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with joy in the fragrant hay
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go,
For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low.
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its weary way,
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

N. F. WILLIS.

A MAINE (U.S.) man has sued the husband of his daughter for tea, cake, and candles consumed during the courtship.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE NATIVE RISING IN ALGERIA.

Paris, Feb. 5.

The Minister of War has received the following despatch:—
"Alger, Feb. 4.

"The enemy has been completely routed, and is flying towards the south. M. Colomieu, the officer in command at Geryville, is in full pursuit."

A despatch of Commander Sonis, dated from Tadjerouna the 2nd inst., says:—

"After marching all night I have arrived before Tadjerouna, where I am encamped. I did not succeed in overtaking the enemy, who is flying in hot haste. I shall, however, keep this route towards the west. If Colomieu marches from the south nobody can escape us."

ATHENS.

The latest news from Athens (dated Saturday) is that M. Zaimis has succeeded in forming a Government, and that the new Ministers have already assumed the direction of public affairs. M. Delyannes is at the Foreign Office. From Athens we hear nothing of the programme of the new Cabinet, but from Constantinople we are told that a favourable reply to the declaration of the Paris Conference is expected. The period originally fixed for the answer expired yesterday, but in consequence of the Ministerial changes the representatives of the Powers at the Greek Court granted an extension of time.

INDIA.

Some good news from India was received yesterday at the India Office. In a telegram, dated February 2, the Viceroy announces that "a very sufficient fall of rain" took place in the most distressed portions of the North-West Provinces last week, that prices have already fallen, that the crops everywhere have been refreshed, and the canals replenished, and that prospects altogether are more cheering.

AMERICA.

The New York papers publish the full text of the treaty for the settlement of the *Alabama* claims, signed in London on the 14th ult., by Lord Clarendon and Mr. Remyerdy Johnson. Its principal provisions have been correctly stated already. The commissioners are to examine and decide upon every claim within two years from the day of their first meeting, which is to be held in Washington, and all sums of money which they may award are to be paid within eighteen months of the date of the decision without interest.

SPAIN.

The ex-Queen Isabella has published a manifesto to the Spanish people, in which she says that as no one has appeared with genius enough to save the country, she feels it to be her duty to persist more than ever in her firm determination to remain its Sovereign. She says she "comes again" to her people.

The *Espos* announces that the municipality of Madrid has sold a plot of land in one of the promenades of the capital as a site for the erection of a Protestant church. The sale was concluded on the 3rd inst., and the works are to be commenced before the opening of the Cortes. The municipality and the members for Madrid have been specially invited to be present at the ceremony.

TOUR OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

CONTINUING our sketches of views of places in the track of the royal party, we this week give a view of Kraussel Klaus Viaduct, on the Vienna and Trieste Railway. In our next we shall give another view on this remarkable railway, with full particulars, which, with the present engraving, will show what extraordinary difficulties were in the way of its practical accomplishment, and how modern engineering overcame them all.

THE BOURBONS.

ALL the living members of this family are descended from Louis XII., of France, who had two sons—Louis XIV. and Philip Duke of Orleans (the latter is now represented by Louis Philippe, Count of Paris, who claims the crown of France). Louis XIV. married the eldest sister and heiress of Charles II. of Spain, and had an only son, who died before him, leaving three sons; the first was Louis Duke of Burgundy (who was the father of Louis XV., and is now represented by Count de Chambord, who claims the crown of France as Henry V.); the second Philip V. of Spain (in right of his grandmother) married twice (his second wife being heiress of the Duchy of Parma), and left five sons—the three eldest (Louis, Ferdinand VI., and Charles III.) were successively Kings of Spain, and the fourth was (in right of his mother) Duke of Parma, and is now represented by Robert of Parma. Charles III. left five sons—viz., Charles IV. of Spain, Ferdinand I. of Naples, Gabriel, Anthony, and Francis. Ferdinand of Naples is now represented by Francis II. Charles IV. of Spain married Louise of Parma, his cousin, and left three sons—viz., Ferdinand VII. (the father of Isabella II.), Don Carlos (who claimed the throne as heir male of his brother Ferdinand), and Francisco. Don Carlos left three sons—1st, Carlos Count of Montemolin, who died three or four years ago without issue; 2d, Don John (the father of the present claimant and two other sons) and, 3d, Don Ferdinand. The third son of Charles IV., Don Francisco, left a large family, and his eldest son is the husband of Isabella II. It will be thus seen that the eldest, or French branch, is represented by the Count de Chambord; the second, or Spanish, by the Count de Montemolin; the third, or Neapolitan, by Francis II.; the fourth, or Parmesan, by Robert Duke of Parma; and the fifth, or junior French, by the Count of Paris.

PRINTING IN ANTIQUE TYPE.—Judd and Glass, of the Phoenix Works, St. Andrew's-hill, have, in addition to their extensive selection of Modern Types, complete Founts of Old-faced Letters, and execute orders for large and small Posting Bills, Circulars, Reports, &c., by Steam Machinery, with the utmost expedition. Estimates on application.

LUXURANT AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR.—MRS. S. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER never fails to quickly restore Grey or Faded Hair to its youthful colour and beauty. It stops the hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the hair to grow thick and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large Bottles—Price Six Shillings. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 253, Fleet Street, London.

ENTHRONEMENT OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

ONE of the most imposing ceremonies that has been witnessed in England for many years took place on Thursday last week in the Cathedral of Canterbury, of which our engraving gives a good view. If it were legitimate to predict the future of the Church of England from the interest excited by the ceremony one might certainly say she is destined to take a greater hold than ever upon the people. There has not been in this century an archiepiscopal enthronement in which so great an interest has been shown by the public. Between 2,000 and 3,000 people were within the walls, and were able at least to see the procession, if they saw nothing more. But the Cathedral might have been filled two or three times over if all the applications for tickets could have been met. Dr. Tait's great popularity with the laity doubtless had much to do with the general anxiety to be present. Then there was the natural desire to witness an imposing service, the most imposing that the Church of England can offer of legitimate ceremonial and state, at the enthronement of the Prince of the English episcopate.

Those whose privilege it was to be present could not but have been impressed, not only with the grand service, but the "forest of stone," formed by hundreds of clustering arches overhead, the noble choir—the largest in England—the great altar, the painted window which Gondomar, a Spanish Ambassador, is said to have offered to cover with broad pieces of gold if only he might bear it away. They could recall the names of some of the illustrious men who have filled the archiepiscopal see—St. Augustine, St. Dunstan, Lanfranc, Anselm, the martyr Becket, princely Langton, Chicheley, the founder of All Souls, Oxford; Crammer, Parker, Whitgift, Laud, Sancroft, and Tillotson. The martyr's shrine, once blazing with gold and jewels, so that its preciousness "was not to be described;" the relics which the pilgrims crowded to see—among them pieces of Aaron's rod, the clay from which Adam was made, and the right arm-bone of the good English Knight, St. George; the place where Becket fell under the swords of the knights before St. Benedict's altar; and again where Henry II. came barefooted, in penitential garb, to receive five strokes with a scourge from prelates and Abbot and three from each monk—memories of some of these things could not but be revived among the throng within the cathedral.

The time for beginning the service was fixed at 11 o'clock, an hour later than the usual morning service; but by 10 o'clock very little room was left in any of the places allotted to ticket-holders. The nave, the transepts, the choir, the presbytery, and the organ gallery were so many different divisions into which spectators were admitted by tickets of various colours, and were at once shown to their places. Soon after half-past 10 the doors were closed, and the clergy began to marshal themselves, or to be marshalled, in due procession. First, the members of the Cathedral body, assembling in the cloisters, formed there a procession of schoolmasters, King's scholars, Grammar Master of choristers, lay clerks, and minor canons. At about the same time the Dean and Canons, the honorary canons, and the six preachers who form part of the Capitular Body, met in the Audit-room, where the royal mandate for the enthronement of the Archbishop was produced and read, and thereupon the Archdeacon of Maidstone, acting as proxy for the Archdeacon of Canterbury, whose infirmities did not allow him to be present, "decreed to proceed" forthwith. Accordingly, the Dean and Canons, the honorary canons, and the six preachers proceeded from the Audit-room to the Deanery, where the Archbishop with his attendant Bishops was in waiting, and conducted them to the cloisters.

As the clergy ascended the altar steps they filed to the right and left, allowing the Archbishop to pass up the middle. His Grace was then, with the attendant Bishops, conducted by the Archdeacon to a space within the altar rails. The Hallelujah Chorus was next sung, the whole congregation

standing; and, the Dean, the Vice-Dean, and Archdeacon having gone from the altar steps to their stalls, the usual Morning Service began, intoned by the Dean. The Lessons were read by the Rev. Canon Thomas, and at the end of the first Lesson the Archdeacon, returning to the altar steps from his stall, conducted the Archbishop to the throne. This is a modern piece of stone carving, the gift of Archbishop Howley, and has a lofty canopy of Tabernacle work, but it is ill placed, and obstructs the view of the choir transepts. When the Archbishop, attended by the Dean and Sub-Dean, had taken his seat on this throne, the Vicar-General presented to the Archdeacon the mandate of enthronement. "Let the mandate be read," said the Archdeacon, and the mandate, having been accordingly read by the auditor, the Archdeacon, standing on the steps near the throne, formally inducted his Grace.

follow and remain near him during his confinement, so that she might be the first, when his ticket-of-leave came, to cheer him with good counsel, and comfort him with wifely love. The ship containing the convict arrived safe, and her cargo of living human beings was at once transferred to the Government workhouses.

Not so, however, the ship upon which Mrs. Leffingwell embarked. When about half-way upon her journey the vessel encountered a fearful storm, and after buffeting the waves for two days, foundered and went down the crew and Mrs. Leffingwell barely escaping upon a raft hastily constructed, when it was found that the ship could not be saved. After an exposure of several days they were picked up by the American ship North Wind, bound from New York to China, where Mrs. Leffingwell was at length landed, only to find herself further from her destination, and with no immediate

prospect of reaching it. After several months of patient waiting and waiting, she was enabled, through the kind offices of the American Consul, then residing in Yeddo, to procure a passage to Cuba, whence the prospect of reaching Australia would be much improved.

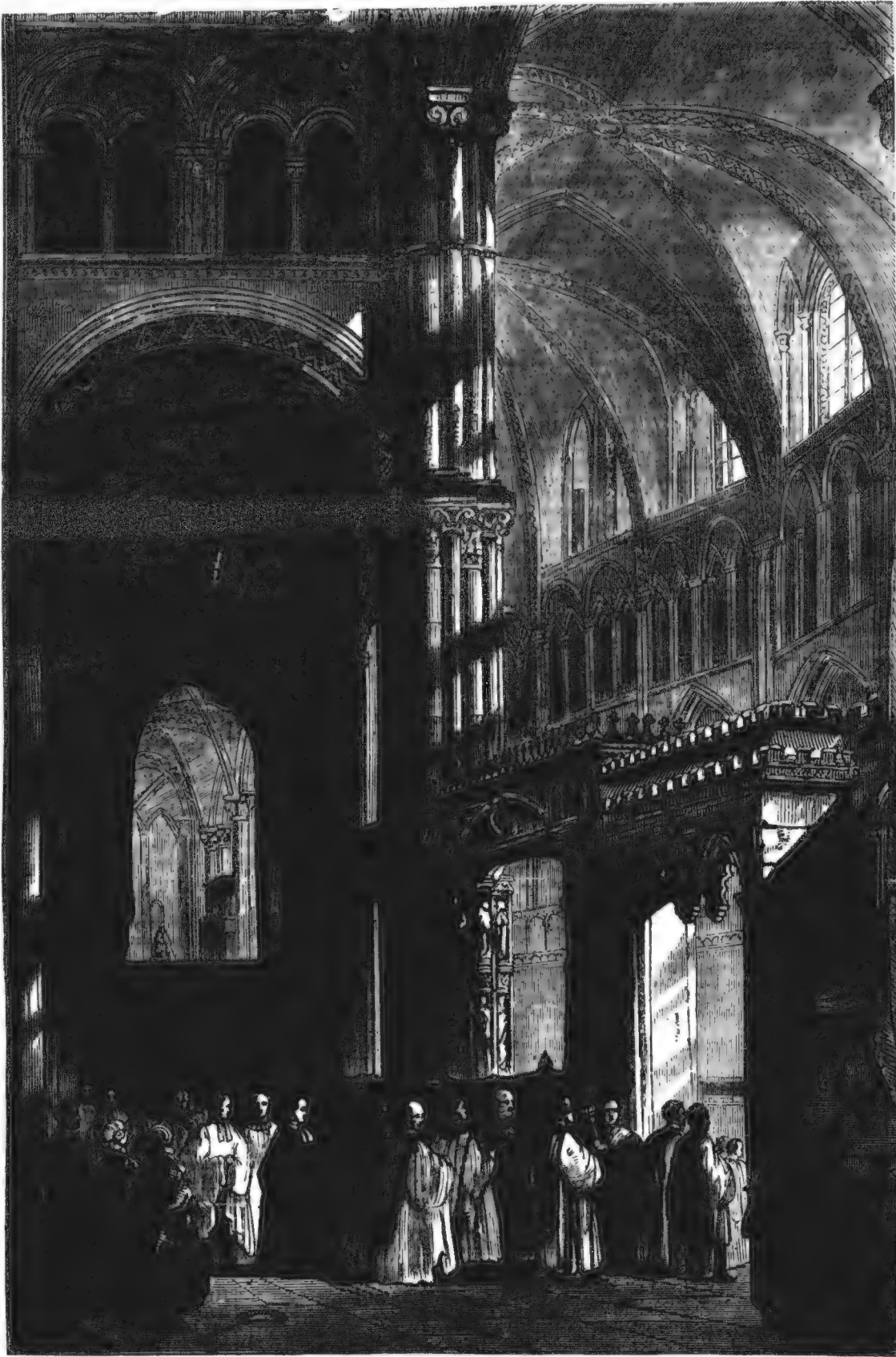
Passing over a space of a year and a-half, in which Mrs. Leffingwell passed through many scenes calculated to try firmer resolutions than hers, but through which she clung to her resolve with true English obstinacy, she finally found herself on the shores of Australia, but as much as ever at a loss concerning her husband's place. She persevered, however, but four years passed away before she was able to obtain the slightest trace of her husband, from the fact that when first landed from the ship each convict receives a number by which he is only known to his keepers. Mrs. Leffingwell knew not her husband's number, and when she made inquiries for him she was always baffled with the question, "His number, ma'am?"

At the end of the time spoken of, during which her means had become exhausted, and she had to resort to menial labour, she one day picked up a Sydney paper in which was an account of her husband's release, the real criminal of the larceny having been found and exported. The account gave her husband's number and the facts which convicted him in so concise a manner that she could not long doubt as to who was meant. Her course was marked out at once. Going to the prison authorities of Sydney, she at length learned that "Ticket-of-leave man No. 186"—her husband's number—"had left the island for the United States of America two weeks after his release." The next thing for her to do was to follow him. Scraping together her scanty means, she found she possessed barely enough to pay her passage. She seized upon the first opportunity presented, and in June, 1847, she found herself once more upon the ocean bound for the land of the free, with her mission still unaccomplished.

In due time she arrived in New York City, where she remained until the civil war broke out, not having in the meantime heard one word of her husband, though she made every exertion to find out his whereabouts. When the

war broke out, and at the first call for nurses in the hospitals, she responded—and until peace was declared there was no one more faithful in the care of our wounded than Mrs. Clara Leffingwell. While in one of the hospitals at Washington she nursed to life and strength a man who knew her husband in the army—who had been his messmate and boon companion—and who in his delirium constantly called upon his comrade to come to his assistance. When the crisis was passed, and it was known that the soldier would live, she questioned him concerning her husband, and ascertained that he was in a Pennsylvania regiment, having enlisted from Pittsburgh two years before.

She at once addressed Leffingwell a letter, stating in full her efforts to find him, and detailing at length her disappointments and troubles. With the usual perversity of the army mails that letter never reached its destination. Mrs. Leffingwell waited and watched, but still no answer came, and at length, when the war was over, she set out once more in



ENTHRONEMENT OF THE ARCHBISHOP IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN SEARCH OF A MISSING HUSBAND.

(From the Cleveland Herald, United States Paper.)

ONE of those cases in which woman's constancy under the most trying circumstances is exhibited came to light in this city a few days ago.

In the beginning of 1840, Henry Leffingwell was a well-to-do mechanic, living near the suburbs of London, England. In the month of March of that year a larceny was committed near his residence, and circumstances pointed to him as the perpetrator. He was arrested, examined before one of the stipendiary magistrates, and fully committed for trial. A month after he was convicted and sentenced to hard labour in the penal colony of Australia for a period of ten years, and in less than a week's time thereafter he was on his way to the far-off land. His devoted wife, who all the time firmly believed in her husband's innocence, made preparations to

She at once addressed Leffingwell a letter, stating in full her efforts to find him, and detailing at length her disappointments and troubles. With the usual perversity of the army mails that letter never reached its destination. Mrs. Leffingwell waited and watched, but still no answer came, and at length, when the war was over, she set out once more in

search of her husband. A visit to Pittsburg revealed the fact that her husband's term of enlistment had expired long before, and his identity was once more lost. She inserted advertisements in a number of the Pennsylvania newspapers, calling for information of his whereabouts, and then set herself again to watch and wait. Time crept slowly on, and still no tidings of her absent one.

A week ago, when she had given up all hopes of ever seeing her husband again, she very unexpectedly received direct information of his place of abode from one who came across the advertisement of three years before. The paper containing it had very providentially escaped the destruction which usually comes upon the dailies of the different cities, and now was the means of uniting two persons who for 28 years had been separated by a cruel fate. Our heroine at once made preparations to go to her husband, who lives in or near Cincinnati, and who had been apprised of her coming. She accordingly left Pittsburg on Friday morning, and arrived in Cleveland in the forenoon of the same day. What was her surprise and pleasure on alighting from the cars at the Union Depot to procure some refreshments, to be confronted by her husband! For a moment they stared at each other, and then with a simultaneous impulse they rushed into each other's arms, all unconscious of the gaping crowd, who, with the usual curiosity, had paused to witness the scene.

The years that had separated them, though they had silvered the heads of each and left lines of care upon their brow, had not eradicated the love they bore one another, or torn from their hearts the memory of the olden time, before relentless fate had so cruelly thrust them asunder. The trials of the past were forgotten in the present joy, and they

sequence a higher style of art has been introduced in the manufacture of the tender missives, many of which are now sold for extravagant sums, five guineas being quite an ordinary price.

Happily, most, if not all, of the superstitions associated with the Day in the "good old times" have been long since dissipated; and we can therefore afford to look back and see how maidens managed their love affairs on St. Valentine's a century ago. One example will suffice. A precocious young lady in the *Connoisseur*, a series of essays published in 1754—6 thus adverts to her mode of honouring the Day. "Last Friday," she writes, "was Valentine's Day, and the night before I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, ate it, *shell and all* (!) without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was n. man. I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to the house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

A strange custom of drawing sweethearts by lot prevailed in Rome as far back as the days of the Republic. In the middle of the month of February certain festivals of Lupercalia, were celebrated in the seven-hilled city.

On those occasions the names of young women were written down on separate billets, thrown into a box, and then drawn forth by the young men as chance directed.

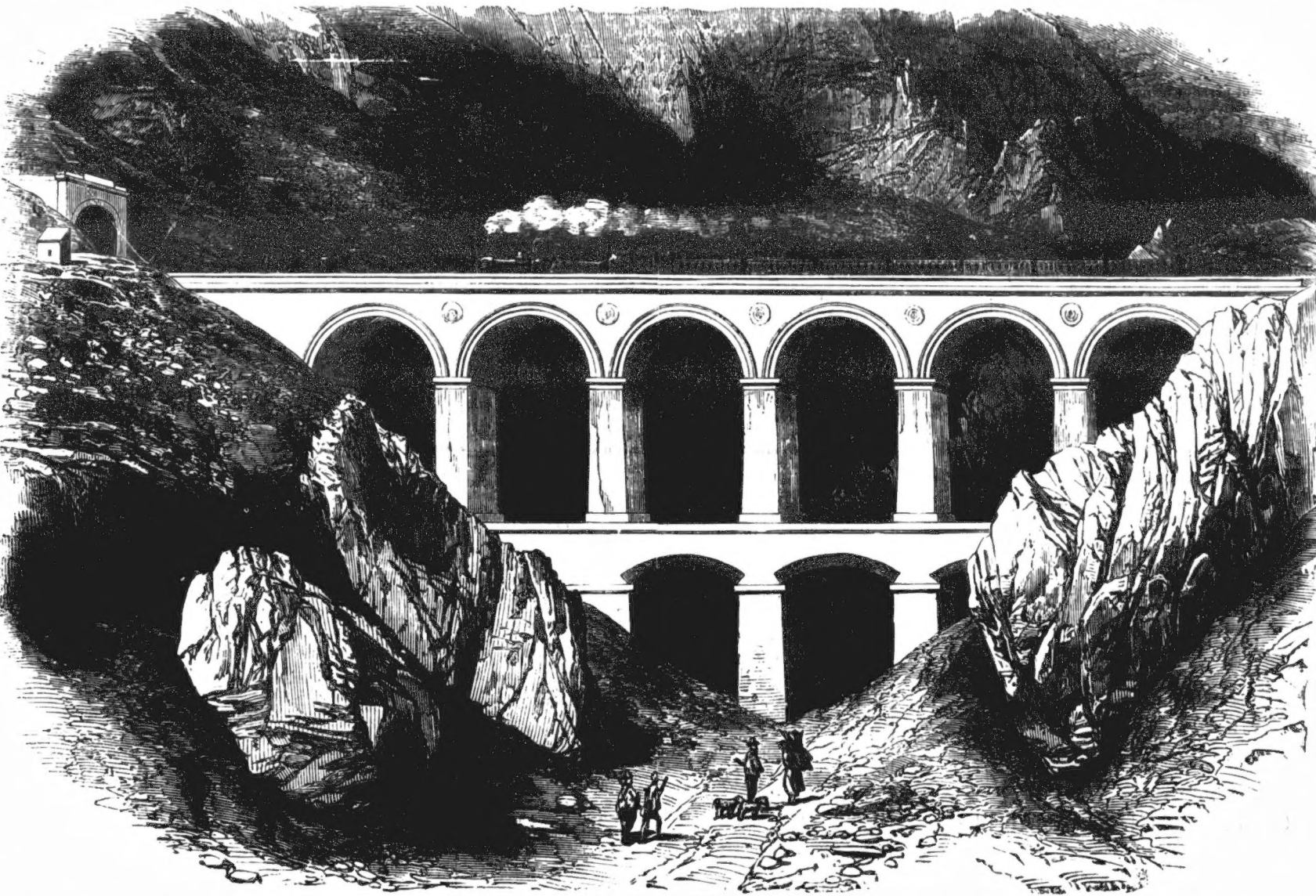
We may here remind the reader of the old tradition, that each bird of the air selected his mate upon St. Valentine's day. In allusion to this tradition, Chaucer supposes "Nature, the vicar of the Almighty Lord," to address the feathered creation thus—

"Foules take heed of my sentence, I pray
And for your own ease in fording of your need,
As fast as I may speak I will me speed;
Ye know well, how on St. Valentine's day,
By my statute, and through my governaunce,
Ye doe chese your makes and after fle away
With them as I move you with plesaunce.

"Saint Valentine, thou art full high on loft.
Which drivest away the long nightes black;
Thus singen small foules for thy sake;
Will have thy cause for to gladden of't,
Since each of them recovered hath his make
Full blisful may they sing when they awake."

We are informed by Menage that a palace in honour of St. Valentine was built near Turin by a daughter of Henri IV. of France. This lady decreed that the ladies of her court should receive their lovers for the year by lot. This custom, he says, occasioned the parties to be called valentines.

In the diary of the incomparable Mr. Pepys we meet with some entries on the subject, which show that the custom of selecting valentines was very common in his time amongst the upper classes in England. The attachment, however, was usually of a platonic description; the custom was not confined to unmarried people, and presents were not unfrequently made



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN THE EAST: BRIDGE AND TUNNEL OF THE TRIESTE AND VIENNA RAILWAY.—(SEE PAGE 955)

took the train for home at seven in the evening, happy only in each other's company. It was while they were waiting the departure of the Cincinnati train, and through the kind offices of one of the C. and P. R. R. officials, to whom Mrs. Leffingwell had revealed a part of her history, that the above was obtained. Though the story has the imprint of the romantic and unreal, still we give it as it was given to us, believing in its truthfulness.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

It would be almost criminal, surely, were we to allow St. Valentine to pass without some slight recognition, especially as the celebrations peculiar to the anniversary of his saintship have within the last two or three years regained something of their ancient importance. In olden times the festival was kept with considerable honours, but somehow it fell into disrepute, and until recently was confined principally to one section of the public, servant girls and their swains sharing the fun, if the sending of anonymous letters, ridiculous and often indecent coloured caricatures and execrable burlesque verses could be considered fun. Now, however, the honours of the day have been partially revived and with them the valentines themselves have greatly improved, husbands now sending pretty emblematical cards to their wives, wives to their husbands, children to their parents, as well as lovers to lovers, and many pleasant surprises and much innocent enjoyment are the result. The middle and even the upper classes too have adopted the 14th of February as a day for amusement, principally, perhaps, between parents and children, and as a con-

This practice, we are told, was often attended with bad consequences; and after the introduction of Christianity into the Roman empire, the Church interfered and compromised the matter by allowing the lottery to continue, and substituting the names of saints and martyrs for the appellatives of young women. The 14th of February, called by the early Christians St. Valentine's day, in honour of one of their martyred bishops, was fixed on as the day of drawing.

But the recollection of the ancient custom survived, and at length we meet with specimens of that species of amorous poetry now so well known to old and young, great and small, gentle and simple.

The earliest written valentines which have come down to us are contained in a splendidly illuminated manuscript volume, now among the most carefully-guarded treasures of the British Museum Library. These valentines were written by no less a personage than Charles Duke of Burgundy, who, having been taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, was confined in the Tower of London, and in this manner beguiled the hours of his captivity.

A few years later, John Lydgate addressed a valentine to the wife of the conqueror of Agincourt. Here is a verse from this effusion of the poetical monk—

"*Seynte Valentine. Of custom yeers by yeers
Men have an usance in this region
To loke and serche Cupide's kalendere,
And chese their choyse by grete affection,
Such as ben move with Cupide's mocoun.
Takyng theyre choyse as theyre sort doth falle,
But I love on which excolith alle.*"

by gentlemen to ladies. Thus, on the 22nd of February, 1661, he says his wife went to Sir W. Battens "and there sat awhile," he having the day before sent to her "half-a-dozen pair of gloves and a pair of silk stockings and garters for her valentines."

Our two illustrations—Valentine's Day at the Post-office, and Valentine's Day in the Country—are modern characteristics of this love-time, and need no description.

The origin of the observances for which St. Valentine's Day is famed is involved in obscurity, critics disagreeing in all but that the saint himself, who was a priest of Rome martyred in the third century, had nothing whatever to do with the matter, beyond the accident of the day devoted to his memory being used for the purpose. Valentine was killed in a barbarous manner, being first beaten with clubs and then beheaded. The greater part of his remains, it is said, are preserved in the church of St. Praxedes at Rome, where a gate (now the Porta del Popolo) was formerly named from him *Porta Valentini*.

Because we have thus spoken of the queer custom that appertained to the day in the olden times, and contrasted with them our own more pleasant and national practice, our readers must not by any means imagine that the anniversary of the sprightly saint is without its absurdities in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, or that such absurdities are limited to the sending by "maids of all work," of the astonishing specimens of pictorial art that figure in the windows of small book-shops in back streets for weeks before the arrival of the all-important day. A few details will be sufficient to prove to our readers that the matter is far other-

wise. There are a number of bashful ladies and gentlemen, who, too anxious to conceal all trace of the source from which their valentine offerings come, send them under cover to the postmaster, who, they suppose, will kindly forward them to their destination. It is quite a mistake, however, to suppose that the postmaster or any of his assistants will do anything of the kind. It is strictly against regulations. Every mischievous of this character is at once consigned to the limbo of the "dead letter office." The next class of valentine offerings that never reach their destination, are such as—evidently sent by very broad and vulgar practical jokers—contain red herrings, dead mice, lumps of cheese, and numberless other articles of similar genus. Now, not one of these ever goes out of the central office, but all are ruthlessly destroyed, so that those who send such substantial and singular tokens of their tender feelings may rest assured that the only object they serve is to give a great deal of dirty work to the post-office officials in destroying them, and it further entails upon the clerks the necessity of writing a communication to the head office regarding every dead mouse or red herring buried out of sight. While the sender is chuckling over the sensations which will animate the fair one, or the brave one, as she or he takes up the tender message by the tail, it is highly probable that the message is in the ashpit. It would seem that the "red herring" is the favourite valentine among youths who indulge their fancy in this direction. We do not know either from ancient or modern myths any reason for the preference, nor whether St. Valentine himself was partial to the "redskins" on Fridays and other "no flesh" days. Whatever be the cause, it is a fact, we believe, that the post-office receives every year during the valentine season as many red herrings as would stock the shop of a fishmonger in a small way of business. And they are dressed in the most fantastic and mirth-provoking style; dressed, we do not mean in the cookery phrase, but adorned—the female red herring with hat, chignon, petticoats, and crinoline, while the male is encased in trousers and swallow-tails, and furnished with cane and eye-glass.

We cannot perhaps bring these remarks to a more fitting conclusion than by quoting the following stirring verses in honour of St. Valentine, whose amours we have also endeavoured to depict in our illustrations.

VALENTINE'S DAY! Valentine's Day!
How shall my feeble pen essay
Of thy love-bardened glories to tell!
Season of smiles—season of tears—
Season of hopes—season of fears—
Season of murmuring, kissing, and sighing;
Of whispering soft nothings; of pining and dying;
Of vows of truth constancy breathed o'er and o'er;
Season of loud double-knocks at the door,
And limitless rings at the bell.
Valentine's Day! all hail! all hail!
Long may thy power o'er mortals prevail!
Valentine's Day! Valentine's Day!
Cupid's own holiday! Valentine's Day!

Now, blessed be Saint Valentine,
By whose high leave I pour
Words in this gentle ear of thine
I never dared before!
Each thing to-day, in glad or nook,
May name its Valentine,
I read out boldly from Love's book,
And, dearest, thou art mine!

The breeze hath found the wallflower out,
And feedeth on its sigh;
The hunter bee now hunts about
The violet's deep blue eye.
Escaping from its icy chain
The river pinneth free;
And as my heart flings off its pain,
And cometh straight to thee!

A blessing on Saint Valentine!
He is a good old saint,
And maketh strong to speak to thine
My soul that was so faint.
And then he serves a spirit, sweet!
More loving than his own;
His task to lead Love's pilgrim feet
To Hyacinth's altar throne.
So blessings on St. Valentine,
I am his worshipper and thine!

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

SUICIDES.—There have been three suicides from Westminster-bridge within the past fortnight, the last, on Sunday night, being, that of a female. The others were men, one of whom took off his coat, threw it down, and then tumbled over sideways.

A BOY, named George Madge, died at Crediton, on Sunday, from the effects of a wound on the head caused by a stone having been thrown at him by another boy a fortnight ago, after a game at marbles.

AN old woman was knocked down in the Trongate, Glasgow, by a velocipede on Saturday night, and died shortly after. The vehicle, it appears, is a somewhat clumsy machine, and, with four young men mounted on it, was being driven rapidly along the crowded thoroughfare. The four young men are in custody.

At Blackwall on Sunday night the bodies of the wife of a shipwright lately in the employ of Messrs. Green, and her father, were found, with their throats cut, by a neighbour who had entered the house on finding the door ajar. The crime is supposed to have been committed by the woman's husband, who has absconded.

A CORONER'S jury at Narborough, a village about six miles from Leicester, has returned a verdict of manslaughter against two policemen who are said to have caused by their ill-treatment the death of a man named Hill, who was found lying in a dying state on the road leading from Whetstone to Littlethorpe.

ARTHUR ALLEN and James Kemp, farm labourers, have been committed to Winchester gaol for trial at the ensuing assizes charged with having placed two heavy sleepers and a ladder across the down rails of the South-Western Railway at Worthing, near Basingstoke.

SUDDEN AND MYSTERIOUS DEATH.—On Saturday evening Mr. Horatio Guy Campbell, a retired officer in the army, died suddenly in his bed-room, at 68, Great Winchester-street, Pimlico. He had gone up-stairs to dress for the theatre, leaving his wife and three young children down-stairs, and, as he did not come down for some time, his wife went up to the bed-room and found the unfortunate gentleman dead upon the floor.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—"We learn," says the *Gazette*, "that

a frightful accident took place on Tuesday, on the new Versailles road, between Louveciennes and Port Marly. At the moment that the 5th regiment of cuirassiers, when on a promenade, were dealing in column, an enormous tree fell, cutting one man literally in two, and seriously injuring three horses."

A FEARFUL hurricane has been raging in Cornwall this week. There are various rumours of disasters on the coast, and it is feared there is too much ground for the statement that there have been at least three wrecks, resulting in loss of life. The facts will soon be ascertained. House property has certainly sustained great damage, and the continued heavy rains are doing immense mischief. There is a very large extent of low lying land under water, and the floods are rapidly increasing. The rivers are overflowing their banks in all directions.

THE FLOODS IN CARLISLE.—On Sunday night a storm of wind and rain set in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, continuing throughout the night and Monday. The rivers came down with a force unprecedented for many years, doing great damage to stock, &c. In one holme, a mile east of Carlisle, 168 ewes were drowned, and the damage would have been much greater had not the shepherds exerted themselves through the night in bringing off their sheep. The reservoir of the Carlisle Waterworks is now unapproachable, except by boats, and the water is rising.

We learn by telegraph from Plymouth and Truro that the gale continued to blow with unabated fury throughout the whole of Monday night, and that many vessels considerably damaged had arrived at these ports. The Calcutta, of 2,000 tons burden, Captain Owen, with 270 miles of telegraph cable for the Persian Gulf, had come into collision off the Lizard with a Prussian bark the Emma. The former vessel was abandoned 16 miles off the Lizard, and seven or eight men, including the captain, were drowned. The rest were saved in the boats. The gales still continue as we go to press; and we fear many more serious accidents will occur.

A CASE of false imprisonment has occurred in Cornwall. About four years ago Mr. Shovell, a farmer of Callington, found that the tongue of one of his horses had been maliciously cut out during the night. An unfriendly feeling between him and his brother-in-law, Michael Harris, existed, and suspicion fell on the latter, who was tried and found guilty of the offence solely on the evidence of footmarks. The sentence was eighteen months' imprisonment, which completely broke down Harris's constitution. The man before his death sent for Mr. Shovell, his accuser, declared his innocence of the crime, and freely forgave him. Immediately after Harris's imprisonment a known bad character left the neighbourhood, and other circumstances have since transpired fully establishing the innocence of the man who died in prison.

SINGULAR DEATH OF A POLICEMAN.—Police-constable Joseph Gilkes, one of the new Oxford police force, met with his death on Thursday night last week in a very singular manner. While on duty in the Friars, where there was a crowd assembled, he endeavoured to clear the pathway, and was assailed by a married woman named Cox, wife of a tailor, who struck him a heavy blow on the back part of the head with a platter, inflicting a severe wound and rendering him senseless. He fell down, and was then struck by several persons, and upon getting up, partly insensible, he ran away, the crowd following him. It being dark, he could not see where he was going, and rushed into the Isle, which runs at the bottom of the Friars, and was drowned. The body was not recovered until eleven o'clock. The deceased was a single, steady young man, 22 years of age, and had formerly been in the metropolitan force.

THE Registrar-General's return for last week states that the rate of mortality in London was 37 per 1,000 a rate lower than that which prevailed in Edinburgh, Dublin, Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester, Belfast, Bradford, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Glasgow, but higher than that recorded in Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, and Hull. The deaths in the metropolis were 1,631, or six below the average for the fifth week in the year, and 106 less than the number registered in the previous week. The mortality from scarlet fever continues to decline. The Registrar-General remarks that the deaths from fever and other zymotic diseases would be considerably diminished if public vehicles were not used to convey infected persons; under the present system they become the means of propagating disease amongst persons who would otherwise escape the malady. The mean temperature of the week was 49.2, while on one day it was as high as 61.6.

A FIGHT IN A MENAGERIE.—A small menagerie is being exhibited in Whitechapel, Liverpool. On Thursday morning, last week, a large Siberian wolf managed to escape from his den, and began worrying some monkeys. One of the keepers heard the noise; he immediately seized the first weapon available, and commenced to soundly belabour the wolf, which quickly turned upon its assailant. The savage brute sprang upon the watchman, making his fangs meet in his right thigh. The man roared out lustily for assistance, and Mr. Whittington, the proprietor, was soon to the rescue, but he could not make the wolf loose its grip until he had made a vigorous onslaught upon it with a two-pronged stable fork. Several of the Liverpool borough police, who were on duty in the vicinity, attracted by the uproar and shouts for assistance, appeared on the scene, but they evidently did not consider it a portion of their "duty" to place an enraged escaped wolf in durance vile again; while, on the other hand, the animal did not appear to be in the least disconcerted by the formidable appearance of the guardians of the peace, but boldly confronted the whole posse. After several futile attempts, Mr. Whittington succeeded in throwing a rope, with a slip noose, over the head of the wolf, and thus lassoed the brute, which was then taken back to its old quarters. The keeper is now under medical treatment.

HUNTING ACCIDENT IN YORKSHIRE.—An accident probably without parallel occurred on Thursday last week to a number of gentlemen whilst hunting. The York and Ainsty hounds met at Stainsby House, between Harrogate and Ripon, and a fox was found at Monkton Wym. It took the direction towards Copgrove, and thence to Newby. The hounds crossed the river Ure, nearly opposite Newby House, the residence of Lady Mary Vyner, and sixteen or seventeen gentlemen entered a large ferry-boat, with their horses, for the purpose of continuing the pursuit. Before the boat had got one-third over the stream, one of the horses began to plunge, and something like a panic among the animals took place. The boat was awayed first to one side and then to the other, and finally it was capsize and turned bottom upwards. The spectators on the bank took prompt measures to rescue the persons who were thus plunged into the swollen river. Those who could swim cast off their coats, and plunged in to save their friends, whilst others formed lines of whips tied together, and threw them within reach of the drowning men. Several beams of wood which fortunately lay scattered about were also quickly launched on the stream. By these means several lives were saved, but six of the party were unhappily drowned:—Sir Charles Slingsby, Bart., of Scriven Park; Mr. E. Lloyd, of Lingcroft, near York; Mr. Edmund Robinson, of York; W. Ovis (first whip), Warriner, (gardener at Newby Hall), and his son. The saved are Sir G. Wombwell, Mr. C. Vyner, Major Mussinden, Captain Molyneux, the Hon. Henry Molyneux, Mr. White, of the 15th Hussars, stationed at York; and Captain Key, of Falford. Sir George Wombwell was almost insensible when rescued, and he states that his exhaustion was so great that he cannot remember by what means he was saved. One of the officers was badly kicked by the horses whilst under water, and others sustained injuries of a similar character.

LAW AND POLICE.

ASSAULT ON A WIFE.—At Marlborough-street, on Wednesday morning, James Halleran, a tailor, residing at 79, Great Titchfield-street, was charged with assaulting his wife. On Saturday night the prisoner had come home drunk, abused her, and then seized her; he shook her violently, and pressed her throat very much, and he afterwards made a kick at her, but instead of kicking her he kicked the baby she had in her arms. Mr. Tyrwhitt said that some persons in their cups were very dangerous, while others were quite the reverse, and very good fellows. The prisoner would have to find one bail in £20 to keep the peace.

ROBBERY BY CARMEN.—At the Thames police-court a man named Gibson has been charged with obtaining 50s. from the manager of the Midland Railway Company's depot in Royal Mint-street. The prisoner went to the manager and asked for 50s. to pay the cartage of 5 tons of tan-yard refuse which had just arrived at the station, and which he said was to be sent to a Mr. Perkins, at Arlington. The money was paid to the prisoner, and the refuse was sent down to Arlington, but no Mr. Perkins had claimed it. The "tan refuse" turned out to be spent lime, old bricks, and other rubbish. Several frauds of a similar character are said to have been committed by the prisoner, who was remanded.

EMBEZZLEMENT.—At the Middlesex Sessions on Tuesday, before Mr. Payne, Edward Trevitt, 30, pleaded "Guilty" to embezzling the sum of £5 10s. 8d., and divers other sums of money received by him for and on account of James Barringer his master. Mr. E. P. Wood prosecuted. The prisoner had been in Mr. Barringer's employment as traveller for about 20 months, at a salary of £2 a week, receiving also £1 a day for expenses. During the early part of his service his conduct was good, but afterwards became irregular, and on the 9th of January, having received his wages, he absconded. It was then found he had been embezzling, the total amount being, so far as ascertained, £112. The Court passed a sentence of two years' imprisonment with hard labour.

ELOPEMENT OF A BOURBON COUNT.—A subject of town talk in Paris is an elopement which has caused great excitement in fashionable circles. There are two versions current. According to the first, the son of Count d'Aquila (the ex-King of Naples' uncle) has been so deeply impressed with the charms of a fair American beauty, yet in her teens, that he has run away with her. Another version is that the young lady and her mamma, whose pecuniary position is said not to be brilliant, have run away with this youthful and amorous Bourbon. On dit that a marriage has been hastily celebrated, and that the fugitives, under the wing of this ambitious mamma, are now plunging their way across the Atlantic—love-sick and sea-sick. Count d'Aquila has put an embargo on the fugitives as regards French trans-Atlantic packets, and is understood, moreover, to have telegraphed to Scotland-yard for advice, assistance, and a detective.

CONVENT LIFE IN BELGIUM.—The *Chronique* of Louvain, in Belgium, relates an extraordinary case of sequestration at a convent near that town. The victim is a nun belonging to one of the best families of the neighbourhood, and whom the Lady Superior had placed in a damp, unhealthy, underground cell. She had been several days in confinement, when from the narrow opening by which her prison received a little light from the garden she succeeded in attracting the attention of a man working there, and who, at her entreaties, consented to procure for her writing materials, and to convey a letter to her brother-in-law. He, on receiving the communication, proceeded to the convent and asked to see his sister-in-law, but was informed that she was in religious retirement, and could not be seen. He returned three hours later, accompanied by a commissary of police, whom he left outside, and then repeated his demand. He received a similar reply, but he insisted, and the Superior at length became evidently embarrassed. He then opened the door to the police-officer, who compelled the directress to accompany them to the cellars underground, where they found not only the lady in question, but also five other nuns confined in the same manner, and all of whom, on recovering their liberty, took advantage of the commissary's presence to quit the establishment and return to their friends. The case is to come before the courts of law.

A CLEVER GANG OF THIEVES.—On Saturday the Exeter police received information of the capture of a couple of notorious burglars known as John Rawlinson and James Foote. The latter had passed himself off as the Hon. Henri Mountjoy, and the former as Mr. Mountjoy's valet. At Exeter they broke into the District Bankruptcy Court, and stole a gold watch and some cash belonging to the official assignee. Some of the stolen property was discovered in the prisoners' possession, amongst it was a ring bearing the name of the official assignee. From Exeter they posted to Newton and Tones, and at the latter place they stole a cash box from the house of Mr. Michalmore, solicitor, while the family were at church. They then went to Bristol and disposed of some of their booty. Afterwards they visited Chepstow, in Monmouthshire, and stole seven gold watches, for which they were caught and committed for trial. They were taken to the lock-up, and about ten o'clock the same night they escaped through a hole which they had managed to make in the roof of the building. The police succeeded in recapturing them. The men, it appears, were at one time drapers' assistants in London. Rawlinson, whose real name is Thome, and the son of the accountant of the Exeter Bankruptcy Court, is stated by the police to have absconded with £50, the money of his employer, when he was sent to the bank. He became acquainted with Foote at the Haymarket, the latter having, as was stated, "lots of money." They then visited the West.

STRANGE ACTION BY A SISTER OF MERCY.—SAURIN V. STARR AND ANOTHER.—A heavy and most extraordinary case of assault and conspiracy commenced in the Court of Queen's Bench on Wednesday last week, and is not yet concluded as we go to press. The declaration stated that the defendants on diverse occasions assaulted and beat the plaintiff, that they took her clothes and property from her, and imprisoned her for a long time, whereby she was rendered sick and ill, and greatly distressed in body and mind. The second count was a trover for a watch, wearing apparel, books, and papers. The other counts in the declaration alleged that the plaintiff was a member of a religious order of Roman Catholic women called Sisters of Mercy, and of the house or religious establishment of such Sisters of Mercy; that the defendants were members of the same order, and that the defendant Starr was the superior of the same; the plaintiff as such a member was legally entitled to certain privileges and advantages, and amongst others to board, lodging, clothing, and maintenance at the expense of the order, and to the right of attending certain services of the Roman Catholic Church in a building attached to the said house; that the defendants wrongfully and maliciously conspired together to compel the plaintiff to cease to be a member by subjecting her to various indignities, persecutions, annoyances, and by depriving her of the food and clothing to which as a member she was lawfully entitled, and by imprisoning her and keeping her imprisoned, and by preventing her from attending the services of the said church; and further, that the defendants unlawfully and maliciously conspired to procure the expulsion of the plaintiff from the said religious house and order by making false charges of disobedience, contempt of authority, and neglect of duty, and other misconduct; that the Roman Catholic Bishop, who by the rules and constitution of the said order, had lawful authority to act in their behalf, did expel the plaintiff.

LONDON HERALD SPHINX.

ENIGMA.

A pronoun and a kind of pork,
With ten put in the middle,
Are sure to name an English town.
Now try and solve my riddle.

JAMES WHITTAKER.

NUMBERED CHARADE.

1. My 3, 12, 9, 1, 8, 13, 10, 14, names a French poet.
2. " 9, 1, 11, 5, 14, 14, 8, " " astronomer.
3. " 2, 17, 11, 5, 16, 6, 15, 8, 13, " " statesman.
4. " 14, 4, 17, 13, 18, 7, " " general.
5. " 6, 5, 10, 15, 9, 2, 17, 7, " " general.
6. " 5, 13, 9, 8, 1, 16, 7, " " ducal house.

And my whole, which consists of seventeen letters,
Names a French author.

JAMES WHITTAKER.

ORIGINAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. On Alma's heights, though in numbers few,
This the Allies made the Russians do.
2. A well-known beverage this displays;
Some run it down, some give it praise.
3. But if this of it you will stand treat,
I'll show you how to gulp it neat.
4. I call her this whom I have wed,
She calls me it deprived of head.
5. In this a river you explore,
'Tis found upon a foreign shore.
6. One sated with the world's gay strife
Secluded lives the rest of life.

Initials and finals down unfold
Two British warriors brave and bold.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

ANSWERS TO SPHINX, No 397.
SOLUTION TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

HERALD, CHANGE.			
1. H	Hie	C	
2. E	Eh	H	
3. R	Regina	A	
4. A	Avon	N	
5. L	Lung	G	
6. D	Dice	E	J. M. S.

WISDOM, WIT, & HUMOUR.

WHEN is a window like a star?—When it is a skylight.

No wonder that the squirrel is accused of chattering; he is certainly a great tail-bearer.

The warmest manners in which one Brazilian can introduce another to a family is, "This is my friend, if he steal anything I am accountable for it."

WHEN is a young lady like a poacher?—When she has her hair in a net.

"The fire is going out, Miss Filkins." "I know it, Mr. Green; and if you would act wisely, you would its example." It is unnecessary to add, Green never called again.

WHAT kind of face should an auctioneer have?—A face that is for bidding.

"I'm sitting on the style, Mary," as the lover said when he seated himself on a bonnet of the latest Paris fashion.

"WHY, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen." "Oh, yah," replied Hans, "mine moder was a voo-man."

FAMILY JARS.

Jars of jelly, jars of jam,
Jars of potted beef and ham,
Jars of early gooseberries nice,
Jars of mince-meat, jars of spice,
Jars of orange-marmalade,
Jars of pickles all home-made,
Jars of cordial elder-wine,
Jars of honey superfine:

Would the only jars were these
That occur in families.
If wine be poison, so is tea,
But in another shape.
What matter whether one be killed
By canister or grape?

"I'm afloat! I'm afloat!" screamed a young lady of powerful lungs and fingers to match; as she exercised both at the piano. "I should think you were," growled an old bachelor, "judging from the squeal you raise."

A WITTY and popular clergyman, being one day asked by a lady parishioner, what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied, "A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman makes us forget them."

For—A person was remonstrating with a friend on the absurdity of following foppish fashions. "They are really contemptible," said he, "and I am sure all who see you must think you ridiculous." "I don't value the opinion of the world," answered the irritated puppy; "I laugh at all those who think me ridiculous." "Then you must be the merriest man alive," was the reply.

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LIVER COMPLAINTS.
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THE SAFEST
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1 grain each, 8 equal to 1 oz. of the oil. Most agreeable form for taking this excellent medicine. Certificate of purity by Dr. Stedman with each box. 7d. or 15d., of Chemists. Post free 3 or 14 stamps.—T. Mann, Stockbridge, Hants.

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A (Mid-) Weekly Journal.
Of last (Wednesday) EVENING contains Money Market Report, Monetary, Commercial, and Railway Intelligence and Statistics—Epitome of the Week's News—Ecclesiastical and Law Matters—Essays on Domestic and Social Abuse—Reviews—Casual Notes—Miscellaneous—and portion of the entertaining work, entitled "Putt-putt's Protege." Also 1,001 Announcements, divided into classes, arranged alphabetically. Subscription, three months, 1s.; six months, 2s.; twelve months, 4s.; beyond six miles around Charing-cross, 1s. 1d., 2s. 2d., or 4d. extra for postage. To Hotels, Clubs, Reading and Dining Rooms, free. Those not receiving it are requested to give notice at the office, 44, Fleet-street, E.C.

LAST WEEK'S NUMBER contained:

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emerging those diseases, and even in the chronic and more severe forms, of giving immediate relief, is truly astonishing, and must be seen to be believed. It is equally eradicator of RINGWORM, ERYSIPELAS, SCORFULA, and other epidemic diseases, producing regular action of the pores; in fact, assisting Nature to throw off the superfluous fluids by what is called perspiration, sensible and insensible, but more particularly the latter; thereby regulating the circulation, rendering the skin clear and healthy, and giving that tone and vigour to the whole system without which life can scarcely be said to be enjoyed. In BURNS, SCALDS, CORNS, BRUISES, OLD PHAGEDENIC WOUNDS, &c., it has likewise no equal; and as a cosmetic for the toilet or nursery, in removing BLOTCHES, PIMPLES, DISCOLORATIONS, and those cutaneous eruptions incidental to children and young people (used in solution), its properties cannot be over-estimated; it is, therefore, recommended to the heads of families, and especially to mothers and nurses, who, by its habitual and judicious use upon those under their care, will prevent many of those diseases which become, in the course of years, engrained, as it were, into the system, and often supposed to be hereditary. For BATHING, to the adult—if before taking a bath it be well rubbed in—it will be found a perfect luxury being as delicate as the finest Eau de Cologne, thoroughly cleansing the skin—the pores of which, from our habit of clothing, &c., are liable to become stopped, thus obstructing the escape of the fluids before alluded to, and inducing a numerous class of diseases; indeed, three-fourths of those with which mankind is afflicted are attributable to this cause alone; the fluids known as sensible and insensible or gaseous perspiration, being as unfit to be thrown back upon the system, to be used a second time, as is the air which has been once ejected from the lungs, which, it is well known, cannot be breathed again and again without becoming destructive to health, and very speedily even to life itself; and these fluids must be thrown back in nature be resisted in her efforts to dispose of them, which, in civilised life, is unquestionably the case; hence arise indigestion, headache, loss of appetite, languor or debility, stupor, restlessness, faintings, evil forebodings, inaptitude for business or pleasure, and those diseases already enumerated, which the savage knows not of; these may be mostly, if not entirely, obviated by proper attention to the state of the skin. And here it should be remarked, how erroneous is the notion entertained by many, that when they have washed themselves, or taken a bath, that everything necessary has been done—the fact being, that water will have little or no effect in dissolving the incrustation, so to speak, of the dried or obstructed perspiration. It is therefore recommended that a little of the Medicated Cream be used daily, or at all events before washing or taking a bath.

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